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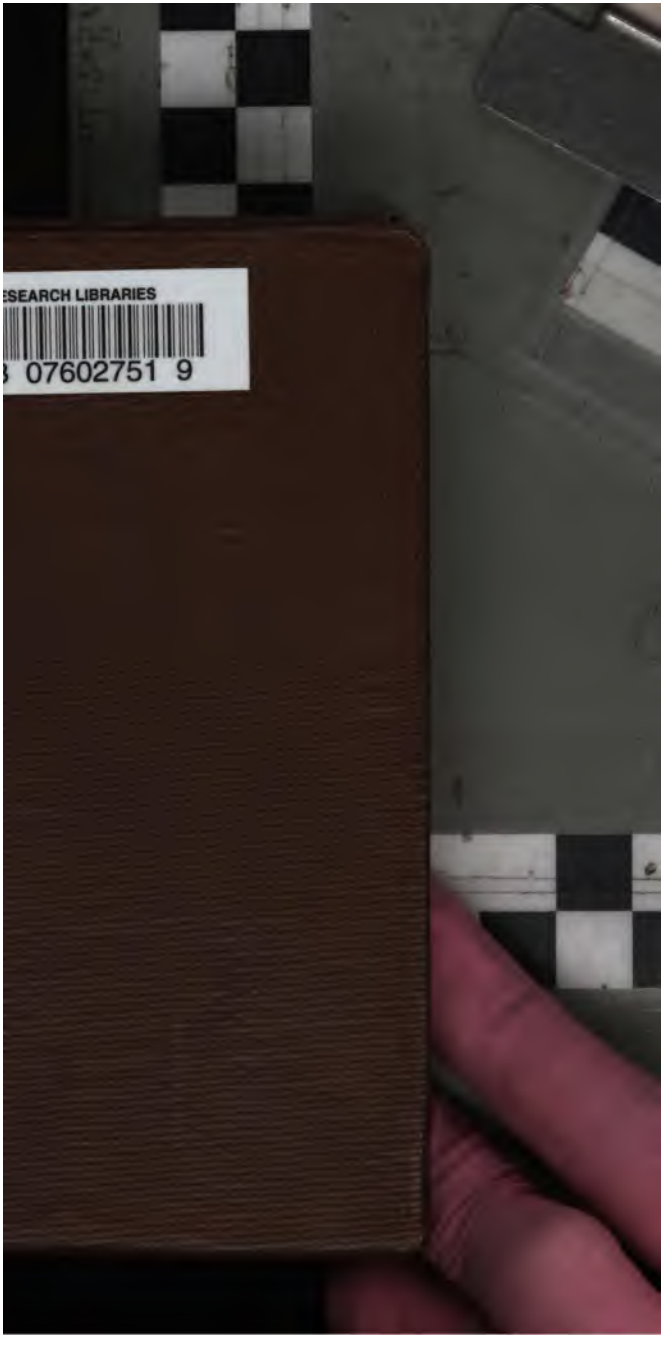
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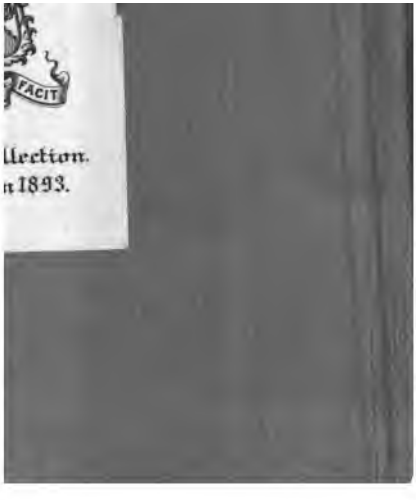
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THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# JOHN GAY.

INCLUDING HIS

## FABLES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

*WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

FROM THE ROYAL QUARTO EDITION OF 1720.

Hæc jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, querimur, irascimur; denique non aliquid modo præstitus, modo elatius: atque ipsa varietate tentamus, ubi cere, ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant. PLIN. EPIST.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage;
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n amongst the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend;
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end:—
These are thy honours!

VOL III.

LONDON:

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1797.

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THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# JOHN GAY.

## VOL. III.

CONTAINING

## HIS FABLES.

IN TWO PARTS.

---

Shall not my Fables censure vice,
Because a knave is over nice?
If I lash vice in gen'ral fiction,
Is 't I apply, or self-conviction?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the same?
I no man call or ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the Fable knows his right.

PROL. TO THE SHEP. WEEK.

---

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# INTRODUCTION

TO THE

# FABLES.

## PART FIRST.

### THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold:
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Thro' all the country rais'd his name.
A deep philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?

Their customs, laws, and manners weig
The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd:
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes;
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd
Was all from simple Nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truest of his kind)

In constancy and nuptial love
I learn my duty from the dove;
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care,
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
From Nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chatt'ring pie?
Nor would I, with felonious slight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

...those, without our schools, su
To make men moral, good, and wi

TO HIS HIGHNESS

# WILLIAM,

## DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

## FABLE I.

THE LION, THE TIGER, AND THE TRAVELLER.

Accept, young Prince! the moral lay,
And in these Tales mankind survey:
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.
  Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to contemn all praise betimes,
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown;
(A virtue never near a throne)
In courts such freedom must offend;
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station
Each courtier is a dedication.
Must I too flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The Muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.
  But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?

Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your sire;
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ller in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blo
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength
The spotted foe extends his length.
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the gen'rous hero gave.

ss strength? You saw the fight,
test my pow'r and right.
ego their native home,
slaves at distance roam.
e woods I reign alone;
ss forest is my own.
s, and all the savage brood,
ıe regal den with blood.
ses, on either hand,
that whiten all the land,
eeds and triumphs tell,
e jaws what numbers fell.
s the Man, the strength I saw
he brutal nation awe;
ıonarch, brave, like you,
n so false a view?
ıde their neighbour's right.
justice bound your might.
bitious heroes' boasts
ıds and slaughter'd hosts.
pow'r by murders gain;
by love and mercy reign.
clemency hath shown
'orthy of a throne.
you pow'r above the rest,
, to succour the distrest.
lain, the monarch said;
ath my youth misled;

## FABLE II.

### THE SPANIEL AND THE CA

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
Ne'er felt Correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spe
He never knew what learning mea
Such forward airs, so pert, so smar
Were sure to win his Lady's heart;
Each little mischief gain'd him prai
How pretty were his fawning ways!

To cities and the court repair;
A fortune cannot fail thee there:
Preferment shall thy talents crown;
Believe me, Friend; I know the Town.
Sir, says the Sycophant, like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said.
My whisper always met success;
The ladies prais'd me for address.
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd ev'ry vice in fashion:
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days,
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene:
For Jove the heart alone regards;
He punishes what man rewards.
How diff'rent is thy case and mine?
With men at least you sup and dine,
While I condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.

How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
  Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care
The mother rose and sought her heir.
She saw the Nur e like one possest,
With ringing hands and sobbing breast
  Sure some disaster has befell;
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well.
  Dear Madam, think not me to blame
Invisible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose
The mother's eyes as black as sloes?
See, here, a shocking awkward creatur
That speaks a fool in ev'ry feature.
  The woman's blind, the Mother crie
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.

Perch'd on the cradle top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What, give our sprightly race away
For the dull helpless sons of Clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we dote upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.

## FABLE IV.

### THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For ev'ry thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.

ard is my lot, the Hound replies;
what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
ıile I, with weary step and slow,
r plains, and vales, and mountains, go.
e morning sees my chase begun,
ır ends it till the setting sun.
When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
y game is lost, or caught in view;
:yond my sight the prey's secure;
he Hound is slow, but always sure;
nd had I his sagacious scent,
ve ne'er had heard my discontent.
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
'he Fox the Lion's force and heart:
'he Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Vhose wings were rapid, strong, and light:
[he Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd

The bird of heav'n then cry'd aloud,
Jove bids disperse the murm'ring crowd:
The God rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious Mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What, silent all, and none consent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

## FABLE V.

### THE WILD BOAR AND THE RAM.

AGAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight.
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.
All cowards should be serv'd like you.
See, see, your murd'rer is in view:
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin, yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd sires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleet of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is base.

Know, those who violence pursue,
Give to themselves the vengeance due;
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented

## FABLE VI.

### THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

The wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries,

By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares.
  Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good Gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his God, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The Vision frown'd, and thus address'd:
  Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base Wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n Virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;

It blesses, like the dews of heav'n:
Like Heav'n it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall Misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravoes then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid the passive soul with guilt.

## FABLE VII.

### THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE GEES

A LION, tir'd with state affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.
It was proclaim'd, the day was set:
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd

He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face;
The crowd admire his wit, his sense;
Each word hath weight and consequence.
The flatt'rer all his art displays:
He who hath pow'r is sure of praise.
A Fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng addrest.
How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honest school!
What clemency his temper sways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.
His brain hath stratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!
He said. A Goose, who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood.
Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize
As gentle, plentiful, and wise;
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain
We Geese must feel a tyrant reign.

What whispers must the beauty
What hourly nonsense haunts her
Where'er her eyes dispense their ch
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dis
Forbidding airs might thin the plac
The slightest flap a fly can chase:
But who can drive the num'rous b
Chase one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool, must know his
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague she's rightly
Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilet's duty,
Sate meditating on her beauty,

He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.
She frowns; she frets. Good Gods! she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies:
Of all the plagues that Heav'n hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent.
The hov'ring insect thus complain'd:
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.
Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies;
For tho' he's free (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.
In ecstacies away he posts;
Where'er he came the favour boasts;
Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.
The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of success, away they flew;

## FABLE IX.

### THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy?
Each caution, ev'ry care employ;
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd;
Weigh well his manners, life and scope;
On these depends thy future hope.
  As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eyeballs shot indignant fire;
He form'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.
  Spurning the ground, the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud. Suspend the fight;
In a whole skin go sleep to-night;
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,

From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings.
  The surly Mastiff thus returns:
Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer or to bleed.
  Curs'd Dog, the Bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
For thou, (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd.
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground:
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies,

## FABLE X.

### THE ELEPHANT AND THE BOOKSELLER.

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils.
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!

Who doubts that Elephants are round
For science and for sense renown'd!
Scorri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report
To Pliny's ancient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now (like them) the Greek can read
As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er,
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding,
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,

The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.
  Man with strong reason is endow'd,
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd:
But let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the diff'rent natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatt'rer Nature made!
Go, Man! the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?
From courtiers' tricks and lawyers' arts
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tyger's brood,
He curses, for their thirst of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.
  The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found?
Then thus address'd with bow profound.

Something against the Family.

When, wrinkling with a sneer hi
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you'r
E'en keep your money, and be wis
Leave man on man to criticise:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseles sons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fra
Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another

## FABLE XI.

### THE PEACOCK, THE TURKEY, A

In beauty faults conspicuous grow
The smallest speck is seen on snow
As near a barn, by hunger led,

His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes,
Which, like the heav'n's o'erarching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
The circling rays, and vary'd light,
At once confound their dazzled sight;
On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.
  Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,
The Turkey cries: Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain!
But were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin.
  From tongue to tongue they caught abuse,
And next was heard the hissing Goose.
What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws.
Then what a horrid squalling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note.
  True. Those are faults, the Peacock cries:
My scream, my shanks, you may despise;
But such blind critics rail in vain.
What, overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did you scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found:

## FABLE XII

### CUPID, HYMEN, AND

As Cupid, in Cytherea's grove,
Employ'd the lesser pow'rs of Lov
Some shape the bow, or fit the stri
Some give the taper shaft its wing
Or turn the polish'd quiver's moul
Or head the darts with temper'd g

Amidst their toil and various ca
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the God: Thou purblir
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folk
That 'tis a shame to sell them yok

He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction:
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, she th' other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause.
Nothing can save him but divorce:
And here the wife complies of course.
When, says the Boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly spend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's fee'd;
Is my hand witness to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.
Plutus appear'd, and said, 'Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view;
They seek not beauty, wit, or sense,
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate?
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord must give her title too:
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more.

oung Stag the [illegible]
inches held his antlers fast;
n who saw the captive hung,
the horns his halter flung.
safely hamper'd in the cord,
e the present to his lord.
:d was pleas'd, as was the clown,
he was tipp'd with half-a-crown.
tag was brought before his wife;
ender lady begg'd his life.
sleek's the skin! how speck'd like ermine!
never creature was so charming!
first within the yard confin'd,
es and hides from all mankind;
bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
distant awe, presumes to gaze:
ches the linen on the lines,
on a hood or apron dines:
[illegible] bread.

Examines ev'ry fist for meat,
And, tho' repuls'd, disdains retreat:
Attacks again with levell'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, scorns.
Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a Redcoat is in sight;
Behind the door she hides her face,
Next time at distance eyes the lace:
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And ev'ry soldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent she spreads her flame;
For custom conquers fear and shame.

## FABLE XIV.

### THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes;
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune serves to make us wise.
At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught; to Town convey'd;
There sold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)

In visits too, his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to h
Proud with applause, he thought his
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey weal;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.
The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve, and others glo
Upon his rich embroider'd coat,
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow;
But all, with envy and desire,
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

ong I pass'd my days,
l with men, and learn'd their ways.
ss, their courtly manners see;
our state, and copy me.
ı thrive? in flatt'ry deal:
rn, your hate, with that conceal.
y to regard your friends,
ıem for your private ends.
to truth the flow of wit;
ɔt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
your force to spatter merit;
ɜ conversation's spirit.
ev'ry thing pretend,
ı your talents shall commend.
ıe great. Observe my right;
ou grow, like man, polite.
ke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
d'ring circle grinn'd applause.
warm'd with malice, envy, spite,
ɔst obliging friends they bite;
ıd to copy human ways,
new mischiefs all their days.
he dull lad, too tall for school,
vel finishes the fool;
of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
s, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
s with scorn all virtuous arts,
is fitted to his parts.

Thro' the deep forest took his way,
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes:
But where he pass'd he terror threw,
The song broke short, the warblers flew;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his sight;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.
Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature?
Fly they our figure or our nature?
As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious step he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a Pheasant stood,
[illegible] her list'ning brood:

Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than man, of animals the worst.
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health, and serve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.
The swarms who, with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole summer days employ'd,
Their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways,
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.

## FABLE XVI.

### THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilet's duty,

Thro' various turns of life she pass'd;
Now glitter'd on a tailor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach:
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gresham-hall was lost.
Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On ev'ry side, above, below,
She now of this or that enquires,
What least was understood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her min
Her head's of virtuoso kind.
And pray what's this, and this, dear
A Needle, says the interpreter.
She knew the name: and thus the fool

ter might employ your parts,
he sempstress in her arts;
ne how the friendship grew
that paltry flint and you.
, says the Needle, cease to blame;
real worth and fame.
thou the loadstone's pow'r and art,
tue virtues can impart?
s talents I partake,
n can such a friend forsake?
rect the pilot's hand
the rocks and treach'rous sand:
ne distant world is known,
ier India is our own.
ith milliners been bred,
id I been? the guide of thread,
dg'd as vulgar Needles do,
ore consequence than you.

## FABLE XVII.

### THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

F, with hunger fierce and bold,
the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
the wood secure he lay,
'ts of night regal'd the day.
the shepherd's wakeful care
ead the toils, and watch'd the snare;

A truce? replies the Wolf. 'Tis don
The Dog the parley thus begun.
How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.
Friend, says the Wolf, the matter w
Nature des:gn'd us beasts of prey:
As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary wolves should eat.
If, mindful of the b!eating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;
[illegible] the moving speech:

## FABLE XVIII.

'AINTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERY BODY.

men suspect your tale untrue,
robability in view;
ıv'ller, leaping o'er those bounds,
:dit of his book confounds.
'ith his tongue hath armies routed,
ev'n his real courage doubted.
t'ry never seems absurd;
:ter'd always take your word:
ibilities seem just;
ıke the strongest praise on trust.
oles, tho' ne'er so great,
ill come short of self-conceit.
ry like a Painter drew,
'ry eye the picture knew;
:omplexion, feature, air,
the life itself was there.
'ry with his colours laid,
m restor'd the faded maid;
: each muscle all its strength;
uth, the chin, the nose's length;
est pencil touch'd with truth,
rk'd the date of age and youth.

He plac'd in view; resolv'd to ple
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected ev'ry feature
And spirited each awkward creatu
All things were set, the hour w
His pallette ready o'er his thumb ;
My Lord appear'd; and, seated ri
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd th
Then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of G
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air ;
Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit th
Might well a Raphael's hand requi
To give them all the native fire ;
The features, fraught with sense a

Oh! pardon me, the artist cry'd;
In this we Painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like.
My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
A lady came, with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age some charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.
Thro' all the town his art they prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

## FABLE XIX.

### THE LION AND THE CUB.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.

A Lion-cub, of [illegible]
Avoided all the Lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the fea
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, an
An ass in ev'ry thing but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spo
But at each word what shouts of pr
Good Gods! how natural he brays!
Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his par
His Highness brays; the Lion star
Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
[illegible] an over-noisy race.

How weak is pride! returns the sire:
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize
Lions and noble beasts despise.

## FABLE XX.

### THE OLD HEN AND THE COCK.

RESTRAIN your child; you'll soon believe
The text which says we sprung from Eve.
As an old Hen led forth her train,
And seem'd to peck to show the grain,
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around:
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possest.
A Cock she met; her son she knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
My Son, says she, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; that fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.

Near and more near each day he dr
And long'd to try the dang'rous vie
Why was this idle charge? he cr
Let courage female fears despise.
Or did she doubt my heart was bra
And therefore this injunction gave
Or does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search pre
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event
Thus said, he mounts the margi
And pries into the depth profound
He stretch'd his neck: and from b
With stretching neck advanc'd a f
With wrath his ruffled plumes he
The foe with ruffled plumes appear
Threat answer'd threat; his fury
Headlong to meet the war he flew

## FABLE XXI.

### THE RATCATCHER AND CATS.

rats by night such mischief did,
was ev'ry morning chid:
ınderm:n'd whole sides of bacon,
eese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken;
.sties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
all demolish'd and laid waste:
rs'd the Cat for want of duty,
eft her foes a constant booty.
:ngineer, of noted skill,
'd to stop the growing ill.
n room to room he now surveys
haunts, their works, their secret ways;
where they 'scape an ambuscade,
hence the nightly sally's made.
:nvious Cat, from place to place,
ı, attends his silent pace:
w that, if his trade went on,
ırring race must be undone;
'etly removes his baits,
''ry stratagem defeats.
.n he sets the poison'd toils,
uss again the labour foils.
ıt foe (to frustrate my designs)
ıemes thus nightly countermines?

The captive Cat, with pleasure [illegible],
For pardon, life, and freedom sues.
A sister of the science spare;
One int'rest is our common care.
What insolence! the Man reply'd:
Shall cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
We Ratcatchers might raise our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!
A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life.
In ev'ry age and clime we see
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;
'Squire stigmatizes 'Squire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And scandal pelts each other's charms;
[illegible]

e,
you.

## XII.

### A BEARD.

passions
fashions.
nceit,
great)
gs,
es, and hogs.
hat then?

can be) 10

found,
ground,
ion stood,
e flood.
, he cries,
disguise.
y my vigour,
this rev'rend figure.
s shaggy face,
the place.
uce and smart,
dapper art;

The Goat he welcomes with an a
And seats him in his wooden chair
Mouth, nose, and cheek the lather l
Light, smooth, and swift, the razo
I hope your custom, Sir, says I
Sure never face was half so smug!
The Goat, impatient for applau
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withd
The shaggy people grinn'd and sta
Heigh day! what's here? witho
Say, Brother, whence the dire dis
What envious hand hath robb'd yc
When thus the fop, with smiles of
Are beards by civil nations worn i
Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd thei
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the moc
And bear about the hairy load?

Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,
Replies a bearded chief. Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!
Coxcombs distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

## FABLE XXIII.

### THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CATS.

Who friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And if a modest girl is seen
With one who cures a lover's spleen,
We guess her not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.
'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smokey flame
Sate hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:

And thus she sputter'd. Hence, ye ...
Fool that I was to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;
Straws laid across my pace retard,
The horseshoe's nail'd (each threshold's
The stunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And bid me show my secret teat.
To hear you prate would vex a saint
Who hath most reason of complaint?
Replies a Cat. Let's come to proof,
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roo
... had like others of our race,

## FABLE XXIV.

### THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

All upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sate proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail
Crawls o'er the grass, whom, when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries,
What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermine of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race,
So purge thy garden from disgrace.

conceal'd thy
trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,
ice I thy humbler life survey'd,
base, in sordid guise array'd;
hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good Friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? at best
He's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

## FABLE XXV.

### THE SCOLD AND THE PARROT.

g quell thy thunder's rage,
res nor friend, nor sex, nor age?
tongue of your's, my Dear,
neighbours far and near.
! 'tis like a rolling river,
r'ring flows, and flows for ever!
, perpetual discord sowing!
, it gathers strength by going.
y! the flippant tongue replies,
n is the fool! how wise!
choicest gifts debarr'd?
n not; for I will be heard.
late are finely ridden,
privilege forbidden!
his talk, his squalling song,
are always in the wrong.
utations flew in pieces
, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
Parrot's language o'er,
sy, drunkard, slattern, whore;
sex she vents her fury,
ondems without a jury.
the torrent of her words
t, monkey, dogs, and birds:
eir forces to confound her,
the monkey chatters round her;
g cur her heels assaults;
ie blabs out all her faults;

I think, Madam, when you stretch
That all your neighbours too have
One slander must ten thousand get,
The world with int'rest pays the d

## FABLE XXV

### THE CUR AND THE M

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's sp
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor puss to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supply'd her place;
The hound was beat, the mastiff ch
The monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.

He next the Mastiff's honour try'd,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd:
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The master took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The Dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting stand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cry'd,
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treach'ry can be just;
Take not informers' words on trust;
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.
He spoke, and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

## FABLE XXVII.

### THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

Is there no hope? the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,

I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men overreach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession;
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amend
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be k
My charities were amply shown.

/hat widow, or what orphan prays
o crown thy life with length of days?
pious action's in thy pow'r,
mbrace with joy the happy hour.
ow . hile you draw the vital air,
ove your intention is sincere:
his instant give a hundred pound;
our neighbours want, and you abound.
But why such haste, the sick Man whines;
/ho knows as yet what Heav'n designs?
:rhaps I may recover still.
hat sum and more are in my will.
Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
our life, your soul, your heav'n, was gain.
rom ev'ry side, with all your might,
ou scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
nd after death would fain atone,
y giving what is not your own.
While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
hen why such haste? so groan'd and dy'd.

## FABLE XXVIII.

THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

s there a bard whom genius fires,
/hose ev'ry thought the God inspires?
/hen Envy reads the nervous lines,
he frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;

[redacted]

*Pa*

ue,

ssing gale, a puff of wind,
els thy thickest troops combin'd.
ıe gale arose; the vapour, tost
: sport of winds) in air, was lost;
glorious orb the day refines.
; envy breaks, thus merit shines. 38

## FABLE XXIX.

### THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

'ox, in life's extreme decay,
k, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
ppetite had left his maw,
Age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
ıum'rous race around him stand,
arn their dying sire's command:
ıis'd his head with whining moan,
thus was heard the feeble tone:
.! Sons! from evil ways depart:
rimes lie heavy on my heart. 10
see, the murder'd geese appear!
are those bleeding turkeys there?
all around this cackling train,
haunt my ears for chicken slain?
e hungry Foxes round them st r'd,
for the promis'd feast prepar'd.
here, Sir, is all this dainty cheer;
urkey, goose, nor hen, is here.

Does not the hound betray our p
And gins and guns destroy our r
Thieves dread the searching eye
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age, (which few of us shall l
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attai
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost red
The counsel's good, a Fox re
Could we perform what you ad
Think what our ancestors have
A line of thieves from son to so
To us descends the long disgrac
And infamy hath mark'd our r
Tho' we, like harmless sheep, s
Honest in thought, in word, a

Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
But hark! I hear a hen that clocks)
So, but be mod'rate in your food;
A chicken, too, might do me good.

## FABLE XXX.

### THE SETTING-DOG AND THE PARTRIDGE.

The ranging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches every breeze that flies,
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men, in silence, far behind,
Unconscious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudful preparation spies;
Her mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
But ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:
Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace,
Dogs should disown thee of their race!
Or if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts;
And ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were gen'rous foes, or real friends.

And to preferment rise like me.
The thriving pimp who beauty s
Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debt
Friend sets his friend, without re
And ministers his skill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learn'd hi
And growing favour feasts my da
I might have guess'd, the Parti
The place where you were train'd
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their masters' vice.
You came from court, you say.
She said, and to the covey flew.

## FABLE XX

### THE UNIVERSAL APPA

A RAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,

g'd with pain, he pensive sits,
and prays, and swears, by fits,
'hantom, lean and wan,
rose, and thus began:
', perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
l be advis'd by Care.
or honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
ıe heart a cheerful hour
th is lost. Be timely wise:
h all taste of pleasure flies.
l, the Phantom disappears.
ounsel wak'd his fears:
m all excess abstains,
c purifies his veins;
ɔcure a sober life,
venture on a wife.
again the Sprite ascends,
e walks his ear attends;
hat beauty's frail,
'erance must prevail;
ısies his brain inflames,
ırs all her lovers' names.
ırs she represents
old charge, his annual rents,
de'ts, perplexing duns,
ıg for his younger sons.
all his thought to gain he turns,
he thirst of lucre burns.

That we should never look asleep,
Since fools as wise as you might seem
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain glory be destroy'd;
Humble your arrogance of thought;
Pursue the ways by Nature taught;
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care
So shall sleek mice your chase reward
And no keen cat find more regard.

## FABLE XXXII

### THE COURTIER AND PRO

WHENE'ER a Courtier's out of plac
The country shelters his disgrace;
Where, doom'd to exercise and healt
His house and gardens own his weal

As one of the e (without his wand)
Pensive along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his pow'r,
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began.
Came you from court? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen.
He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.
Know, says the God, by matchless skill
I change to ev'ry shape at will;
But yet, I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.
Thus said: a snake with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.
Know, says the Man, tho' proud in place,
All Courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Tho' on a dunghill born and bred.
Sudden the God a lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

They play the bear's and fox's part,
Now rob with force, now steal with art
They sometimes in the senate bray,
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practise the frauds of ev'ry shape.
So said: upon the God he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.
Now, Proteus! now (to truth comp
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprise, or what you w
The Courtier finds evasions still;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

## FABLE XXXIV

### THE MASTIFFS.

ɔgs were snarling for a bone,
ɪ to make the war his own,
n found (when two contend)
ɔose obtain'd his end;
'd in his limping pace;
ɜ of honour seam'd his face;
limb a gash appears,
uent fights retrench'd his ears.
a time he heard from far
ɜ engag'd in noisy war,
scours, and lays about him,
no fray should be without him.
rom his yard a tanner flies,
e bold intruder cries,
el shall correct your manners:
sprung this cursed hate to tanners?
ı my dog you vent your spite,
tis me you dare not bite.
the battle thus perplex'd,
ıal rage a butcher vex'd,
reaming from the circled crowd,
ırs'd Mastiff cries aloud:
ockleyhole and Marybone
ɔats of my dog have known:
like bullies, coward-hearted,
n public to be parted.
t, rash fool, to share his fame;
ɜ honour or the shame.

Then
While clubs and
Rebounded from the Mastiff's
All reeking now with sweat and blood,
Awhile the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worry'd, howl'd, and sprawl'd below.
He rose, and, limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

## FABLE XXXV.

### THE BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHI

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street?
Proud rogues, who share the South-sea pr
And spring like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
To hear their mother's name,
shame.

ıncy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
multiply'd the next year's corn.
Barley-mow, which stood beside,
s to its musing master cry'd;
ıy, good Sir, is it fit or right
:reat me with neglect and slight?
who contribute to your cheer,
I raise your mirth with ale and beer?
y thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
I that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
those poor sweepings of a groom,
t filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
:t objects here? command it hence;
ıing so mean must give offence.
he humble Dunghill thus reply'd:
master hears and mocks thy pride:
ılt not thus the meek and low;
ne thy benefactor know;
warm assistance gave thee birth,
hou hadst perish'd low in earth;
upstarts, to support their station,
cel at once all obligation.

## FABLE XXXVI.

### PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

THAG'ORAS rose at early dawn,
soaring meditation drawn;

... stood, the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. Say, Friend, what c
Calls for thy honest labour there?
The Clown, with surly voice, replies,
Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd,
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find:
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuse fat the breed.
Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;
For public good the murd'rer dies:
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;

, cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,
ites and men alike be treated?
Heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
as ordain'd their sov'reign lord.
tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd,
murders spring from pow'r and pride.
ien this manlike kite is slain
eater lux'ry to sustain;
Petty rogues submit to Fate,
t great ones may enjoy their state." *

## FABLE XXXVII.

### THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

are those tears? why droops your head?
your other husband dead?
s a worse disgrace betide?
one since his death apply'd?
! you know the cause too well;
lt is spilt, to me it fell;
o contribute to my loss,
ife and fork were laid across:
day, too! the day I dread!
I I were safe at home in bed!
ight (I vow to Heav'n 'tis true)
e from the fire a coffin flew.



* Garth's Dispensary.

Eat now, and weep when dinner's ende
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my Fable.
  Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard a scream.
  That Raven on yon' left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good. No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling t
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.
  She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd. Thou croak
A murrain take thy [illegible]

For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Tho' all the Ravens of the Hundred,
With croaking had your tongue out-thund'red,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good Woman, sav'd your eggs. 46

## FABLE XXXVIII.

### THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.
A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold the busy negro race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How bless'd, how envy'd were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poult'rer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring
Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within
Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.

## FABLE XXXIX

### THE FATHER AND JUPI

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd
He begg'd a wife: his pray'r was he
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressin
For how precarious is the blessing!
A wife he takes; and now for heir
Again he worries Heav'n with pray
Jove nods assent: two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Once more, he cries, accept my pray'r;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All Fortune's richest gifts enjoy:
My next with strong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heav'n approve, a Father's bless'd.
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.
The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place,
Then fell the victim of disgrace.
Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.

Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that possest,
To Providence resign the rest.

## FABLE XL.

### THE TWO MONKEYS.

The learned, full of inward pride,
The fops of outward show deride;
The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the science:
The Don, a formal solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks, by rule
Britain, a medley of the twain,
[illegible] as France, as grave as Spain,

bards of quick imagination
the sleepy prose narration.
ugh at apes; they men contemn;
at are we but apes to them?
Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
ics had a sourer air:
ɔrc'd their way thro' draggled folks,
ap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;
ɔok their tickets for the show,
t by chance the foremost row.
their grave observing face
'd a laugh thro' all the place.
ıer, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
ɔble's monstrously ill-bred.
thro' the booth loud hisses ran,
ded till the show began.
ınbler whirls the flip-flap round,
omersets he shakes the ground;
rd beneath the dancer springs;
ı air the vaulter swings;
ed now, now prone depends,
ıro' his twisted arms ascends;
ıwd, in wonder and delight,
lapping hands applaud the sight.
ı smiles, quoth Pug, If pranks like these
ınt apes of reason please,
ould they wonder at our arts?
ıust adore us for our parts.

Discern our worth, our parts regai
Who our mean mimics thus rewar
Brother, the grinning mate repli
In this I grant that man is wise:
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is du
But when they strain beyond their
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on tw
I hate the imitating crew.

## FABLE XLI

### THE OWL AND THE FA

An Owl of grave deport and mien,

: I seen a man of news,
:boy or Gazette peruse,
nod, and talk with voice profound,
: the fate of Europe round.
i pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor:
n of morn, to view his store,
rmer came. The hooting guest
-importance thus exprest:
)n in man is mere pretence:
:ak, how shallow is his sense!
t with scorn the Bird of Night,
s his folly or his spite.
:oo, how partial is his praise!
:'s, the linnet's, chirping lays
ll-judging ears are fine,
;htingales are all divine:
more knowing feather'd race
dom stamp'd upon my face.
er to visit light I deign,
ocks of fowl compose my train!
ves, they crowd my flight behind,
n me of superior kind.
'armer laugh'd, and thus reply'd;
ill important lump of pride,
hou, with that harsh grating tongue,
ate birds of warbling song?
thy spleen: know men and fowl
thee, as thou art, an Owl.

A JUGGLER long thro' all the Town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

Is this, then, he so fam'd for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'Tis done;
In science I submit to none.

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,

his bag, he shows all fair;
s spread, and nothing there;
it rain with show'rs of gold;
his iv'ry eggs are told;
from thence the hen he draws,
ectators him applause.
w stept forth, and took the place,
he forms of his grimace.
gic looking-glass, she cries,
and it round) will charm your eyes.
r eye the sight desir'd,
man himself admir'd.
o a senator addressing,
ank-note; observe the blessing.
the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.
lips a padlock shown.
puff the magic broke;
ck vanish'd, and he spoke.
bottles rang'd upon the board,
vith heady liquor stor'd,
onveyance disappear,
two bloody swords are there.
she to a thief expos'd:
is ready fingers clos'd.
s fist, the treasure's fled;
alter in its stead.
Ambition hold a wand;
a hatchet in his hand.

... the board she kn
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addrest.
This picture see; her shape, her breast
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her. With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you see
Take ev'ry shape but Charity;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art:
Can I such mat...

## FABLE XLIII.

### THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

time a neighing steed,
z'd among a num'rous breed,
ıtiny had fir'd the train,
ad dissension thro' the plain.
rs that concern'd the state
ncil met in grand debate.
vhose eyeballs flam'd with ire,
h strength and youthful fire,
ıtept forth before the rest,
the list'ning throng addrest.
Gods! how abject is our race,
ı'd to slav'ry and disgrace!
our servitude retain,
ɔur sires have borne the chain?
, Friends! your strength and might;
uest to assert your right.
ıbrous is the gilded coach!
: of man is our reproach.
: design'd for daily toil,
he ploughshare thro' the soil,
in harness thro' the road,
beneath the carrier's load?
ıle are the two-legg'd kind!
ce is in our nerves combin'd!

Forbid it, Heav'ns! Reject ...
Your shame, your infamy, disdain.
Let him the lion first controul,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make them tremble at our name.
A gen'ral nod approv'd the cause;
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn pac
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.
When I had health and strength, lik
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains
To increase.

ny thousand structures rise
us from inclement skies!
e bears the sultry day,
es up all our winter's hay.
he reaps the harvest's gain;
e the toil and share the grain.
ery creature was decreed
ich other's mutual need,
your discontented mind,
the part by Heaven assign'd.
mult ceas'd. The Colt submitted,
his ancestors, was bitted.

## FABLE XLIV.

### THE HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN.

NENCE at first is borne
edless slight or smiles of scorn;
nto wrath, what patience bears
y fool who perseveres?
orning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
rush forth the joyful Hounds;
k the wood with eager pace,
ush, thro' brier, explore the chase:
tter'd wide, they try the plain,
ff the dewy turf in vain.
ire, what industry, what pains!
niversal silence reigns!

The pack, regardless of the ....
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.
The Huntsman to the clamour flies,
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express'd his moan.
I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? these bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.
When Puppies prate, the Huntsman cry'd
They show both ignorance and pride,
Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
...'st have mingled with the rest,
... confest

## FABLE XLV.

### THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends:
A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd,
" Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
" How happy shall I prove,
" Might I supply that envy'd place
" With never-fading love!
" There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
" Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry Rose, who grew beside.
Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us!
In ev'ry love-song Roses bloom!
We lend you colour and perfume:
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

## FABLE XLVI.

### THE CUR, THE HORSE, AND THE SHEPHERD

The lad of all sufficient merit
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts:

ıe forward youth shall find
are sometimes paid in kind;
cankér in the breast,
a foe who makes a jest.
e Cur, of snappish race,
t puppy of the place,
hat his treble throat
with Music's sweetest note;
road he basking lay,
ıg nuisance of the way;
creature pass'd along
sample of his song.
e trotting Steed he hears,
he cocks his dapper ears;
cours, assaults his hoof;
him snarls, now barks aloof;
ll impertinence attends,
him till the village ends.
upon his evil day,
ıe pacing down the way;
with never-ceasing tongue,
passing trav'ller sprung.
e, from scorn provok'd to ire,
kward; rolling in the mire,
y howl'd, and bleeding lay;
n peace pursu'd his way.
ıerd's Dog, who saw the deed,
the vexatious breed,

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sat:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.
All at the word stretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possest,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addrest.
I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On ev'ry slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.
... with limping pace,

Still working when he seems suppress,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretensions to the place.
Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suite preferr'd;
Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack, secure, tho' slow.
Plague represents his rapid pow'r,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the Monarch from the throne:
Merit was ever modest known.
What, no Physician speak his right!
None here! But fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest)

## FABLE XLVI

### THE GARDENER AND T

A GARD'NER of peculiar taste
On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common he
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
He wallow'd underneath the board
Or in his master's chamber snor'd,
Who fondly strok'd him ev'ry day,
And taught him all the puppy's pl
Where'er he went, the grunting fri
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's
The Master thus address'd the Swi
My house, my garden, all is thi

Indulge thy morn and ev'ning hours,
But let due care regard my flow'rs:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vast expence those beds supply'd!
The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd:
He munches now the streaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then stagg'ring through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flow'rs.
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.
The Master came, the ruin spy'd;
Villain! suspend thy rage, he cry'd!
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flow'rs! no more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.
The Hog, with flutt'ring speech returns:
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips strown,
For I devour'd the roots alone.
At this the Gard'ner's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows:
The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.

## FABLE X

### THE MAN AND T

WHETHER on earth, in air, or
Sure evry thing alive is vain!
Does not the hawk all fowls
As destined only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder th
Think men were born for slav
When the crab views the pe
Or Tagus, bright with golden
Or crawls beside the coral gro
And hears the ocean roll abov
Nature is too profuse, says he
Who gave all these to pleasur
When bord'ring pinks and
And ev'ry garden breathes pe

The snail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, All these were made for me!
  What dignity's in human nature!
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eye,
And view'd the sea and arched sky.
The sun was sunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the starry train
Hung the vast vault of heav'n. The man
His contemplation thus began:
  When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all these by Heav'n design'd
As gifts to pleasure humankind,
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!
  Not of th' importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose:
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for man.
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What, heav'n and earth for thee design'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed.

Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship ev'ry burden's light.
The Horse reply'd, Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.
She next the stately Bull implor'd,
And thus reply'd the mighty lord;
Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon' barley mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind,
But see, the Goat is just behind.
The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as Hares.

And now we're well secur'd by law
Till the next brother find a flaw.
Read o'er a will. Was 't ever k
But you could make the will your
For when you read 'tis with inten
To find out meanings never mean
Since things are thus, *se defendo*,
I bar fallacious *innuendo*.
Sagacious Porta's skill could tra
Some beast or bird in every face.
The head, the eye, the nose's shap
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ap
When, in the sketches thus design
Resemblance brings some friend t
You shew the piece, and give the
And find each feature in the print;
So monstrous-like the portrait's fo
All know it, and the laugh goes r

All private slander I detest,
I judge not of my neighbour's breast:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the state.
Shall not my Fable censure vice,
Because a knave is over nice?
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?
If I lash vice in gen'ral fiction,
Is 't I apply, or self-conviction?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the same?
I no man call or ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the fable knows his right.
A shepherd's Dog unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts;
Among the rest a Fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.
Says Reynard, 'Tis a cruel case
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and humankind;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries whate'er it can
To put us on the foot with man.

Our present schemes are too pr
For Machiavel himself to soun
To censure 'em I 've no preten
I own they 're past my comprel
You say your brother wants
('Tis many a younger brother's
And that he very soon intends
To ply the court, and tease his
If there his merits chance to fin
A patriot of an open mind,
Whose constant actions prove h
To both a king's and people's tr
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his rise to such a frien
You praise his parts, for busi
His learning, probity, and wit;
But those alone will never do,
Unless his patron have 'em too.

With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no int'rest but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
Gets nothing but its own reward,
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then if his patron burn with lust,
The first in favour's pimp the first.
His doors are never clos'd to spies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors swell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;
All consciences must bend and ply;
You must vote on and not know why:
Thro' thick and thin you must go on;
One scruple, and your place is gone.
Since plagues like these have curs'd a land,
And fav'rites cannot always stand,
Good courtiers should for change be ready,
And not have principles too steady;
For should a knave engross the pow'r,
(God shield the realm from that sad hour!)
He must have rogues or slavish fools;
For what's a knave without his tools?

By screening fraud and v
Give me, kind Heav'n,
A mind serene for contei
Title and profi resign:
The post of honour shall
My Fable read, their me
Then herd who will with
In days of yore (my ca
Always except the presen
A greedy Vulture, skill'
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd b
Approach'd the throne in
And step by step intrudes
When at the royal Eagle'
He longs to ease the mona
The monarch grants. W
Behold him minister of st
Around him throng the fe

The Nightingale was set aside.
A forward Daw his room supply'd.
This bird (says he) for bus'ness fit,
Hath both sagacity and wit:
With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,
He's docile, and at nothing sticks;
Then with his neighbours one so free
At all times will connive at me.
The Hawk had due distinction shown,
For parts and talents like his own.
Thousands of hireling Cocks attend him,
As blust'ring bullies to defend him.
At once the Ravens were discarded,
And Magpies with their posts rewarded.
Those fowls of omen I detest,
That pry into another's nest.
State lies must lose all good intent,
For they foresee and croak th' event.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught, and so to vote.
When rogues like these (a Sparrow cries)
To honours and employments rise,
I court no favour, ask no place,
From such preferment is disgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind.

To birth, wealth, pow'r, we shou
Precedence, and our lowest bow:
In that is due distinction shown;
Esteem is Virtue's right alone.
With partial eye we're apt to se
The man of noble pedigree:
We're prepossest my Lord inherits
In some degree, his grandsire's m
For those we find upon record,
But find him nothing but my Lord.
When we, with superficial view
Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too
We know that wealth, well under
Hath frequent pow'r of doing good,
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the pow'r and will were one.
Thus oft' the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knave that

Their rise is on their meanness built,
And flatt'ry is their smallest guilt.
What homage, rev'rence, adoration,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Have sycophants to pow'r address'd!
No matter who the pow'r possess'd.
Let ministers be what they will,
You find their levees always fill:
Ev'n those who have perplex'd a state,
Whose actions claim contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their schemes,
Tho' more absurd than madmen's dreams.
When barb'rous Moloch was invok'd,
The blood of infants only smok'd!
But here (unless all Hist'ry lies)
Whole realms have been a sacrifice.
  Look thro' all courts: 'tis pow'r we find
The gen'ral idol of mankind;
There worshipp'd under ev'ry shape:
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-serving slaves,
Rich prostitutes and needy knaves.
  Who then shall glory in his post?
How frail his pride, how vain his boast!
The followers of his prosp'rous hour
Are as unstable as his pow'r.
Pow'r, by the breath of Flatt'ry nurst,
The more it swells is nearer burst.

Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.
A huge Baboon her fancy took,
Almost a man in size and look)
He finger'd ev'ry thing he found,
And mimick'd all the servants round;
Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for ev'ry bus'ness fit.
With all these talents 'twas but just
That Pug should hold a place of trust;
So to her fav'rite was assign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend 'em eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.
Behold him now, with haughty strid
Assume a ministerial pride.
The morning rose. In hope of pickin
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, an

'd his parts, and that his face,
his dignity in place.
to bill the flatt'ry ran:
nd bears it like a man;
we flatter Self-conceit,
is sentiments repeat.
too scrupulously just,
it's in a place of trust?
ion practice of the great
e a snug retreat.
gan to turn his brain
r folks in place) go gain.
ewoman's stall was near,
'd with fruits thro' all the year;
day he cramm'd his guts,
e his hoards of pears and nuts;
agreed (in way of trade)
nts should in corn be made.
k of grain was quickly spent,
count which way it went.
, the Poultry's starv'd condition
culations of suspicion.
were prov'd beyond dispute;
refund his hoards of fruit;
then minister in chief,
led as a public thief.
despis'd, confin'd to chains,
g but his pride retains.

Proud fool, (replies the Goose) 'tis true
Thy corn a flutt'ring levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And sold thee flatt'ry for thy grain.
But then, as now, conceited Ape,
We saw thee in thy proper shape.

## FABLE IV.

### THE ANT IN OFFICE.

*To a Friend.*

You tell me that you apprehend
My verse may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never squint at courtiers' crimes;
For tho' nor this nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?

They know great ears are over nice,
And never shock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney path despise;
'Tis my ambition not to rise.
If I must prostitute the Muse,
The base conditions I refuse.
I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.
If I Corruption's hand expose,
I make corrupted men my foes;
What then? I hate the paltry tribe:
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade;
Corruption's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I shame bribery out of use.
I know 't would cramp most politicians,
Were they ty'd down to these conditions.
'Twould stint their pow'r, their riches bound,
And make their parts seem less profound.
Were they deny'd their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the case, let's take a view
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue.
Tho' it might aggrandize the state,
Could private lux'ry dine on plate?
Kings might indeed their friends reward,
But ministers find less regard.

Could Avarice support its pride f
It might ev'n ministers confound,
And yet the state be safe and sound
I care not tho' 'tis understood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom bla
I wish all courtiers did the same.
Nay, tho' some folks the less migl
I wish the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition:
Rather than have our laws defac'd,
I'd vote a minister disgrac'd.
I strike at vice, be 't where it w
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope corruption, brib'ry, pensic
One may with detestation mentio
Think you the law (let who will

hall I not censure breach of trust,
ecause knaves know themselves unjust?
hat steward whose account is clear,
emands his honour may appear:
is actions never shun the light;
e is, and would be prov'd upright.
But then you think my Fable bears
llusion too to state affairs.
I grant it does: and who's so great,
hat has the privilege to cheat?
f then in any future reign
For ministers may thirst for gain)
orrupted hands defraud the nation,
bar no reader's application.
An Ant there was whose forward prate
ontroll'd all matters in debate;
Vhether he knew the thing or no,
is tongue eternally would go;
or he had impudence at will,
nd boasted universal skill.
mbition was his point in view:
hus by degrees to pow'r he grew.
ehold him now his drift attain:
e's made chief treas'rer of the grain.
But as their ancient laws are just,
nd punish breach of public trust,
is order'd (lest wrong application
hould starve that wise industrious nation)

The auditors in council met.
The gran'ry keeper must explain
And balance his account of grain
He brought (since he could not r
Some scraps of paper to amuse 'e
  An honest Pismire, warm wit
In justice to the public weal,
Thus spoke: The nation's hoard i
From whence does this profusion
I know our annual funds' amount
Why such expence? and where's
  With wonted arrogance and pri
The Ant in office thus reply'd:
  Consider, Sirs, were secrets tol
How could the best-schem'd proje
Should we state-mysteries disclo
'Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zea

Next year again the gran'ry drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd:
Think how our present matters stand,
What dangers threat from ev'ry hand;
What hosts of turkeys stroll for food,
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Consider, when invasion's near,
Intelligence must cost us dear;
And, in this ticklish situation,
A secret told betrays the nation:
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Tho' vast) was for the swarm's defence.
Again, without examination,
They thank'd his sage administration.
The year revolves. Their treasure spent,
Again in secret service went.
His honour, too, again was pledg'd,
To satisfy the charge alleg'd.
When thus with panic shame possess'd,
An auditor his friends address'd:
What are we? ministerial tools?
We little knaves are greater fools.
At last this secret is explor'd,
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.
For ev'ry grain we touch'd, at least
A thousand his own heaps increas'd.
Then for his kin and fav'rite spies
A hundred hardly could suffice,

The fraud is sentenc'd; and his hoard,
As due, to public use restor'd.

## FABLE V.

### THE BEAR IN A BOAT.

*To a Coxcomb.*

THAT man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know;
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace;
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost:

If then, self-knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in ev'ry view,
Of all the fools that pride can boast
A Coxcomb claims distinction most.
Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind;
They're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
And vanity besots 'em all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd:
Those most assume who know the least;
Their own false balance gives 'em weight,
But ev'ry other finds 'em light.
Not that all Coxcombs' follies strike,
And draw our ridicule alike;
To diff'rent merits each pretends:
This in love-vanity transcends;
That smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape;
Th' other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books, and all things but himself.
All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with Coxcombs of ambition:
For those, puff'd up with flatt'ry, dare
Assume a nation's various care.
They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just;
For these, in part alone, attest
The flatt'ry their own thoughts suggest.

'Tis he directs the naval flights.
What sailor dares dispute his skil
He'll be an adm'ral when he will.
Now, meddling in the soldier's
Troops must be hir'd, and levies
He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are
And millions scarce defray the cost
His arrogance (nought undismay'c
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And when he fails of all intent

ously, and safe from harm,
year he robb'd the swarm.
ing on industrious toil,
l in his pilfer'd spoil.
:k so swell'd him with conceit,
t no enterprize too great.
iences and arts,
l universal parts:
, busy, bustling, bold,
ince was uncontroll'd:
ıe made his party good,
dictator of the wood.
sts, with admiration, stare,
him a prodigious bear.
common booty got,
each portion to allot:
he found there might be picking,
e carving of a chicken.
thus, he by degrees
o the butcher's larger fees.
ıis overweening pride
ovince will preside.
ıo difficult was found:
ring nose misleads the hound.
m and subtle arts
es the fox's parts.
d as on a certain day,
bank he took his way,

I mock the pedantry of schools.
What are their compasses and rules?
From me that helm shall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance discern.
So saying, with audacious pride
He gains the Boat, and climbs the side.
The beasts, astonish'd, line the strand:
The anchor's weigh'd; he drives from land:
The slack sail shifts from side to side;
The Boat, untrimm'd, admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.
The Bear presuming in his skill,
Is here and there officious still;
Till, striking on the dang'rous sands,
Aground the shatter'd vessel stands.
To see the bungler thus distrest
The very fishes sneer and jest:

Seiz'd, thresh'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land;
Derision shouts along the strand. 128

## FABLE VI.

### THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

*To a Country Gentleman.*

THE man of pure and simple heart
Thro' life disdains a double part:
He never needs the screen of lies
His inward bosom to disguise.
In vain malicious tongues assail;
Let Envy snarl, let Slander rail,
From Virtue's shield (secure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
So shines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honest mind.
If in his country's cause he rise,
Debating senates to advise,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honest dictates of his heart.
No ministerial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perseveres;
But would you play the politician,
Whose heart's averse to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
Must be controll'd by place and season.

And how his honest foes disgrace!
That politician topes his part,
Who readily can lie with art:
The man's proficient in his trade;
His pow'r is strong, his fortune's mad
By that the int'rest of the throne
Is made subservient to his own:
By that have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded:
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.
Antiochus,* with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chase;
And, lost from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest:
The Parthian clown brought forth his
The King, unknown, his feast enjoy'
And various chat the hours employ'd

We country-folks (the Clown replies)
Cou'd ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The King, (as all our neighbours say)
Might he (God bless him!) have his way,
Is sound at heart and means our good,
And he would do it if he cou'd.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.
Were he in pow'r we need not doubt him;
But that transferr'd to those about him,
On them he throws the regal cares;
And what mind they? Their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands he trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to cobblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their masters fame.
In this our neighbours all agree;
Would the King knew as much as we!
Here he stopp'd short. Repose they sought,
The Peasant slept, the Monarch thought.
The Courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their lost Sov'reign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our host alarms;
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms,
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the King.
The Clown was call'd; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks exprest.

Till here conversing: hence, ye Crew,
For now I know myself and you.
Whene'er the royal ear's engrost,
State lies but little genius cost.
The fav'rite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poisons dares instil;
And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames or soothes the royal breast.
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft the monarch means redress.
Would kings their private subjects hear
A minister must talk with fear;
If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuse;
'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,
[illegible] right and wrong confound.

Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.
But then a minister might lose
(Hard case!) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursu'd by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd,
Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen;
Truth will at last remove the screen.
A Country 'Squire, by whim directed,
The true staunch dogs of chase neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed;
His hand ne'er strok'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish Cur, alone carest,
By lies had banish'd all the rest.
Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be preferr'd;
Room must be made for all his herd:
Wherefore to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.
The Cur on every creature flew,
(As other great men's puppies do)
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and business known:
honest tongue an audience found;
worry'd all the tenants round;

... bristling hair,
And thus in secret growls his fear:
Who knows but Truth, in this disguis
May frustrate my best-guarded lies?
Should she (thus mask'd) admittance
That very hour my ruin's sign'd.
Now in his howl's continu'd sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was d
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus ev'ry day he strain'd his lungs.
It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his pow'r,
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;
A fav'rite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd, in am'rous play,
They frisk'd the joyous hours away,
Thus by untimely love pursuing,
Like Antony he sought his ruin.

:s my tenants shun my gate;
ch a stranger grown of late?
l me what offence they find:
in they're not so well inclin'd.
off your Cur, (the Farmer cries)
:ds your ears with daily lies:
·ling insolence offends;
that keeps you from your friends.
ıt that saucy puppy checkt,
ind again the same respect.
ly him, he'll swear it too,
our hatred is to you.
:n from us your true estate;
ıt curs'd Cur alone we hate.
Squire heard Truth. Now Yap rush'd in;
le hall echoes with his din:
uth prevail'd; and, with disgrace,
ş was cudgell'd out of place.

## FABLE VII.

### THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.

*To Myself.*

you a friend (look round and spy)
, so prepossess'd as I?
ıults, so obvious to mankind,
tial eyes could never find.

Or twit you with the want of merit
'Tis not so strange that Fortune'
Still perseveres to keep you down.
Look round, and see what others d
Would you be rich and honest too
Have you (like those she rais'd to
Been opportunely mean and base?
Have you (as times requir'd) resig
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mi
If these are scruples, give her o'er;
Write, practise morals, and be poo
The gifts of Fortune truly rate,
Then tell me what would mend yo
If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in g
As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears, his wants, increase the m
Think, GAY, (what ne'er may be

In all the affluence you possess,
You might not feel one care the less.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune change of mind?
Perhaps, profuse, beyond all rule,
You might start out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,
Might swell your debts? then, lust of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
And doom your future life to jail.
Or were you dignify'd with pow'r,
Would that avert one pensive hour?
You might give avarice its swing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then from the hirelings in your cause,
Tho' daily fed with false applause,
Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
Is happiness your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinsic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts resides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in every sphere;
Who finds content will find her there.
O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,
A Peasant rested on his spade.

And ev'ry day renews my care.
Jove heard the discontented str
And thus rebuk'd the murm'ring
Speak out your wants, then, hc
Unjust complaints the Gods offen
If you repine at partial Fate,
Instruct me what could mend you
Mankind in ev'ry station see.
What wish you? tell me what yo
So said, upborne upon a cloud,
The Clown survey'd the anxious c
Yon' face of Care, says Jove, be
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold
See with what joy he counts it o'e
That sum to-day hath swell'd his s
Were I that man, (the Peasant
What blessing could I ask beside?
Hold, says the God, first learn

Want ever stares him in the face,
And fear anticipates disgrace:
With conscious guilt he saw him start;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breast admits one happy gleam.
May Jove, he cries, reject my pray'r,
And guard my life from guilt and care!
My soul abhors that wretch's fate.
O keep me in my humble state!
But see, amidst a gaudy crowd,
Yon' minister so gay and proud;
On him what happiness attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!
First take the glass, the God replies;
Man views the world with partial eyes.
Good Gods! exclaims the startled wight,
Defend me from this hideous sight!
Corruption with corrosive smart
Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart:
I see him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o'er the land.
Now Av'rice with insatiate jaws,
Now Rapine with her harpy claws,
His bosom tears. His conscious breast
Groans with a load of crimes opprest.
See him, mad and drunk with pow'r,
Stand tott'ring on Ambition's tow'r.

The change, O Jove! I disavow;
Still be my lot the spade and plough.
He next, confirm'd by speculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the statesman seem'd in part,
And bore similitude of heart.
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame
The miseries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into desarts turn'd.
By these have laws and rights been b
By these was freeborn man enslav'd:
When battles and invasion cease,
Why swarm they in the lands of peace
Such change (says he) may I decline;
The scithe and civil arms be mine!
Thus, weighing life in each condition
The Clown withdrew

l.
stice then your sole pursuit:
virtue, and content's the fruit.
Jove, to gratify the Clown,
ere first he found him set him down. 148

## FABLE VIII.

### THE MAN, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE FLY.

*To my native Country.*

HAIL, happy land! whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous Nature set apart,
The seat of Industry and Art!
O Britain! chosen port of trade,
May lux'ry ne'er thy sons invade;
May never minister (intent
His private treasures to augment)
Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't prescribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighb'ring states contend,
'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.
What is't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory stands;
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffusing good among mankind:

When naval traffic ploughs the mai
Who shares not in the merchant's ga
'Tis that supports the regal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The num'rous flocks that clothe the la
Can scarce supply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.

Nature expects mankind should sha
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth? * To some we
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw:
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guid
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art

Each aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.
The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
Tis he (his own and people's cause)
rotects their properties and laws.
hus they their honest toil employ,
nd with content the fruits enjoy.
ev'ry rank, or great or small,
is industry supports us all.
The animals, by want oppress'd,
man their services address'd:
ile each pursu'd their selfish good,
y hunger'd for precarious food:
r hours with anxious cares were vext:
day they fed, and starv'd the next:
saw that plenty, sure and rife,
found alone in social life;

Well, Puss, (say[illegible]
To benefit the public do?
The Cat replies: These teeth, t
With vigilance shall serve the cau
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursui
No longer shall your feasts pollute
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores in
I grant, says Man, to gen'ral us
Your parts and talents may condu
For rats and mice purloin our grai
And threshers whirl the flail in va
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil.
Then turning to the Dog, he cr
Well, Sir, be next your merits t
Sir, says the Dog, by self-appl
We seem to own a friendless cau
[illegible] me, if distr

Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep?
  The Man replies: 'Tis just and right;
Rewards such service should requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,
That taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.
Such merits all reward transcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend.
  Addressing now the Fly: From you
What public service can accrue?
From me! (the flutt'ring insect said)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit
That I to industry submit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By bus'ness earn ignoble bread.
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip the tea's delicious flow'r,
On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please.

And on that prop
Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
To raise the tree prepar'd the soil?
Consider, Sot, what would ensue,
Were all such worthless things as you.
You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)
To make your dirty meals on dung,
On which such despicable need,
Unpity'd, is reduc'd to feed.
Besides, vain selfish Insect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong discern)
That he who, with industrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly understood.
So saying, with a sudden blow
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
[illegible] on the public dy'd.

## FABLE IX.

### THE JACKAL, LEOPARD, AND OTHER BEASTS.

*To a modern Politician.*

GRANT corruption sways mankind;
hat int'rest, too, perverts the mind;
hat bribes have blinded common sense,
)il'd reason, truth, and eloquence:
grant you, too, our present crimes
ın equal those of former times.
gainst plain facts shall I engage?
) vindicate our righteous age?
cnow that in a modern fist
·ibes in full energy subsist.
nce then these arguments prevail,
nd itching palms are still so frail,
ence Politicians, you suggest,
ıould drive the nail that goes the best;
hat it shows parts and penetration,
o ply men with the right temptation.
To this I humbly must dissent,
·emising no reflection's meant.
Does justice or the client's sense
each lawyers either side's defence?
he fee gives eloquence its spirit;
hat only is the client's merit.

But does that vindicate the devil?
Besides, the more mankind are pr
The less the devil's parts are shov
Corruption's not of modern date;
It hath been try'd in ev'ry state.
Great knaves of old their pow'r h
By places, pensions, bribes, dispe
By these they glory'd in success,
And impudently dar'd oppress;
By these despoticly they sway'd,
And slaves extoll'd the hand that
Nor parts nor genius were employ
By these alone were realms destro

Now see these wretches in disgr
Stripp'd of their treasures, pow'r,
View 'em abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to just reproach and scorn.
What now is all your pride, your

Press foremost who shall first accuse:
Your selfish jobs, your paltry views,
Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,
And want of talents to be just.
What fools were these amidst their pow'r!
How thoughtless of their adverse hour!
What friends were made? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes preferr'd.
Was it these sycophants to get
Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt?
You're bit: for these, like Swiss, attend;
No longer pay no longer friend.
The lion is (beyond dispute)
Allow'd the most majestic brute;
His valour and his gen'rous mind
Prove him superior of his kind:
Yet to jackals (as 'tis averr'd)
Some lions have their pow'rs transferr'd;
As if the parts of pimps and spies
To govern forests could suffice.
Once studious of his private good,
A proud Jackal oppress'd the wood;
To cram his own insatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.
The forest groans with discontent,
Fresh wrongs the gen'ral hate foment.
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His secret hours were vex'd with fear.

And all my clam'rous foes despise.
To make the gen'rous beasts his
He cringes, fawns, and condescend
But those repuls'd his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support.
Friends must be had. He can't sut
Bribes shall new proselytes enlist;
But these nought weigh'd in honest
For bribes confess a wicked cause:
Yet think not ev'ry paw withstands
What hath prevail'd in human hand
A tempting turnip's silver skin
Drew a base Hog thro' thick and thi
Bought with a Stag's delicious haunc
The mercenary Wolf was staunch:
The convert Fox grew warm and he
A pullet gain'd him to the party:
The golden pippin in his fist.

As rats, before the mansion falls,
Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run,
To bow before the rising sun.
The Hog with warmth express'd his zeal,
And was for hanging those that steal;
But hop'd, tho' low, the public hoard
Might half a turnip still afford.
Since saving measures were profest,
A lamb's head was the Wolf's request.
The Fox submitted, if to touch
A gosling would be deem'd too much.
The Monkey thought his grin and chatter
Might ask a nut, or some such matter.
Ye hirelings! hence, (the Leopard cries)
Your venal conscience I despise.
He who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchase friends.
Who acts this just, this open part,
Is propt by ev'ry honest heart.
Corruption now too late has show'd
That bribes are always ill-bestow'd.
By you your bubbled master's taught,
Time-serving tools, not friends, are bought.

g courts the practice disallow
d at all times I'll avow.
litics I know 'tis wrong;
riendship may be kept too long;
nd what they call the prudent part,
s to wear int'rest next the heart.
As the times take a different face,
Old friendships should to new give pl
I know, too, you have many foes,
That owning you is sharing those;
That ev'ry knave in ev'ry station,
Of high and low denomination,
For what you speak, and what you v
Dread you at once, and bear you spi
Such freedoms in your works are sh
They cann't enjoy what's not their
All dunces, too, in church and state
In frothy nonsense show their hate;

Good Gods! by what a pow'rful race
(For blockheads may have pow'r and place)
Are scandals rais'd, and libels writ,
To prove your honesty and wit!
Think with yourself: those worthy men,
You know have suffer'd by your pen;
From them you've nothing but your due.
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.
Except myself, I know of none,
Besides the wise and good alone,
To set the case in fairer light,
My Fable shall the rest recite.
Which, (tho' unlike our present state)
I for the moral's sake relate.

A Bee of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of pow'r but more of gain,
Corruption sow'd throughout the hive:
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As pow'r and wealth his views supply'd,
'Twas seen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The Bee of conscience wanted spirit;
And those who follow'd honour's rules
Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools.
Wealth claim'd distinction, favour, grace,
And poverty alone was base.

Waste life in low mechanic arts,
Let us (says he) to genius born,
The drudg'ry of our fathers scorn.
The Wasp and drone, you must agree,
Live with more elegance than we.
Like gentlemen they sport and play;
No bus'ness interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live.
A stubborn Bee, among the swarm,
With honest indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd:
I slight thy frowns, and hate thy pride.
The laws our native rights protect;
Offending thee, I those respect.
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none against the torrent strive?
Exert the honour of your race!

That rais'd our sires to pow'r and fame.
Be virtuous; save yourselves from shame.
Know that, in selfish ends pursuing,
You scramble for the public ruin.
He spoke; and from his cell dismiss'd,
Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd.
With him a friend or two resign'd,
Disdaining the degen'rate kind.
These Drones, (says he) these insects vile,
(I treat them in their proper style)
May for a time oppress the state:
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal;
Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few.

## FABLE XI.

### THE PACKHORSE AND THE CARRIER.

*To a young Nobleman.*

Begin, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatt'rer's style reject;
With that, by menial tongues supply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

Let virtue prove you greatly born.
Tho' with less plate their sideboar
Their conscience always was their ov
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd
Their hands, by no corruption stain
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
They serv'd the crown with loyal ze
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's ca
By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thoug
Thus did your sires adorn their seat;
And such alone are truly great.
If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light
In foremost rank the coward plac'd,

Whence had you this illustrious name?
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
By birth the name alone descends;
Your honour on yourself depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son:
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your sires:
If you degen'rate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A Carrier, ev'ry night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn:
This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true,
But then his horses had their due.
Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gain would rise from greater places.

The manger now had all its measure;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure;
When all at once confusion rung,
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung,
A Packhorse turn'd his head aside,
Foaming, his eyeballs swell'd with pride.

Good Gods! (says he) how hard's my lot!
Is then my high descent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudg'ry and disgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)

Kick'd by old Ball! so mean a foe!
My honour suffers by the blow.
Newmarket speaks my grandsire's fame,
All jockies still revere his name:
There yearly are his triumphs told,
There all his massy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You saw him with a liv'ry train,
Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets sound
Let it then, Sir, be understood,
Respect's my due, for I have blood.
Vainglorious Fool! (the Carrier cry'd)
Respect was never paid to pride.
Know 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?

Your sires I rev'rence; 'tis their due:
But, worthless Fool, what's that to you?
Ask all the Carriers on the road,
They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd.
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy strength or pace.
What profits me thy boast of blood?
An ass hath more intrinsic good.
By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated.

## FABLE XII.

### PAN AND FORTUNE.

*To a young Heir.*

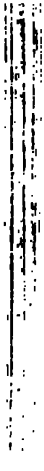
Soon as your father's death was known,
(As if the estate had been their own)
The gamesters outwardly exprest
The decent joy within your breast.
So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.
One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.
No house, says he, is more complete;
The garden's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber's of a noble size.

Seem to anticipate their game.
Would you, when thieves are known,
Bring forth your treasures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth,
Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, where'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.
Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom, could gamesters thr
Is it in charity you game,
To save your worthy gang from shame?
Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
Which way could idleness be fed?
Could these professors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat,
They must run bolder risks for prey,
And strip the trav'ller on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they share,

Must you not by mean lies evade
To-morrow's duns from ev'ry trade?
By promises so often paid,
Is yet your tailor's bill defray'd?
Must you not pitifully fawn
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This must be done. In debts of play
Your honour suffers no delay:
And not this year's and next year's rent
The sons of rapine can content.
Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
States dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
Their owners now to jails confin'd,
How equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the spoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of pow'r,
And, with the mercenary list,
Upon court-charity subsist.
You'll find at last this maxim true,
Fools are the game which knaves pursue.
The forest (a whole cent'ry's shade)
Must be one wasteful ruin made:
No mercy's shewn to age or kind;
The general massacre is sign'd.
The park, too, shares the dreadful fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.

And Echo groans [illegible]
To see the desolation spread,
Pan drops a tear and hangs his head:
His bosom now with fury burns;
Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns.
Cards, too, in peevish passion torn,
The sport of whirling winds are borne.
To snails invet'rate hate I bear,
Who spoil the verdure of the year;
The caterpillar I detest,
The blooming Spring's voracious pest
The locust, too, whose rav'nous band
Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
But what are these? The dice's throw
At once hath laid a forest low.
The cards are dealt, the bet is made,
And the wide park hath lost its shade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,

han all the hungry insect race
mbin'd can in an age deface.
Fortune, by chance, who near him past,
erheard the vile aspersion cast.
Why, Pan, (says he) what's all this rant?
is ev'ry country-bubble's cant.
n I the patroness of vice?
t I who cog or palm the dice?
d I the shuffling art reveal,
mark the cards, or range the deal?
all th' employments men pursue,
nind the least what gamesters do.
ere may (if computation's just)
e now and then my conduct trust.
lame the fool, for what can I,
hen ninety-nine my pow'r defy?
ese trust alone their fingers' ends,
d not one stake on me depends.
'hene'er the gaming-board is set,
vo classes of mankind are met;
t if we count the greedy race,
e knaves fill up the greater space.
is a gross error held in schools
at Fortune always favours fools.
play it never bears dispute;
at doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.
en why to me such rancour show?
is Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.



Of all the burdens man must bear,
Time seems most galling and severe
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd
We daily meet some friend distress'd
What can one do? I rose at nine
'Tis full six hours before we dine:
Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two.
A pamphlet is before him spread,
And almost half a page is read;
Tir'd with the study of the day,
The flutt'ring sheets are toss'd away
He opes his snuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns, and stretches in his ch
Not twenty, by the minute-hand
Good Gods! says he, my watch mu
How muddling 'tis on books to pore

To the next coffeehouse he speeds,
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.
Saunt'ring from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He spies a partner of his woe;
By chat afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they share,
And thus their dreadful hours compare:
Says Tom, Since all men must confess
That Time lies heavy, more or less,
Why should it be so hard to get,
Till two, a party at Piquet?
Play might relieve the lagging morn:
By cards long wintry nights are borne.
Does not Quadrille amuse the fair,
Night after night throughout the year?
Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away.
My case, says Will, then must be hard,
By want of skill from play debarr'd.
Courtiers kill Time by various ways;
Dependence wears out half their days.
How happy these, whose Time ne'er stands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this cursed show'r,
The Park had whil'd away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily lose an hour or two.

From six till ten! unless in sleep,
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy's no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun;
Loit'ring from room to room I stray,
Converse, but nothing hear or say:
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So soon! I dread the thoughts of home
From thence, to quicken slow-pac'd I
Again my tavern friends invite:
Here, too, our early mornings pass,
Till drowsy sleep retard the glass.
Thus they their wretched life beno
And make each other's case their own
Consider, Friends, no hour rolls o
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of bus'ness bred
Did you the paths of learning tread,

That load from off your spirits shake,
You'll own and grieve for your mistake.
Awhile your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read, and (if you can) attend.

As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace.
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
Till recollection set 'em right,
For each knew th' other but by sight.
After some complimental talk,
Time met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purseproud fellows here.

Let kings, (says he) let cobblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts; what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?
That statesman has the strongest hold
Whose tool of politics is gold;
By that, in former reigns, 'tis said
The knave in pow'r hath senates led:
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude
That's most esteem'd that's most pursu'd.

Without respect, ...
His solitary day descends.

You might, says Cupid, doubt my
My knowledge, too, in human hearts
Should I the pow'r of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute
I know when nothing else prevails,
Persuasive money seldom fails;
That beauty, too, (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conscience, bea
Then marriage (as of late profest)
Is but a money-job at best.
Consent, compli..nce may be sold;
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are who, by retail,
Expose what they call Love to sale
Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
You purchase flatt'ry and deceit.
... have ever try

hath every bliss in store;
lship, and 'tis something more.
r ev'ry wish they give:
ow love is not to live.
or money, (Time reply'd)
i the question to decide,
ar the prize: on both intent,
i neglected or mispent.
i measure vital space,
ut years to human race.
: priz'd, and seldom sought,
ne love and gold are nought.
the miser time employ?
see him life enjoy?
sook, the hoards he won
r'd by his lavish son.
iseful arts are gain'd;
earning, wisdom, is attain'd.
would think (since such my pow'r)
knew an idle hour?
ind so swift I fly,
more fugitive than I.
not heard coquettes complain
ionths, years, mispent in vain?
nisus'd they pine and waste,
sweet pleasures never taste.
direct their time aright,
realth their hopes excite,

He spoke. The Gods no more conte
And his superior gift confest,
That Time (when truly understood)
Is the most precious earthly good.

## FABLE XIV.

THE OWL, THE SWAN, THE COCK, TI
ASS, AND THE FARMER

*To a Mother.*

CONVERSING with your sprightly boy
Your eyes have spoke the Mother's jo
With what delight I've heard you qu
Their sayings in imperfect note!
I grant, in body and in mind
Nature appears profusely kind.
Trust not to that. Act you your par
Imprint just morals on their heart;

That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
The last assert the church's right.
I censure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is th' event!
By talents misapply'd and crost,
Consider, all your sons are lost.
One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd)
A father thus address'd his friend:
To train my boy, and call forth sense,
You know I've stuck at no expence;
I've try'd him in the sev'ral arts;
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet trying all, he nothing knows,
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice shall fix my son.
Sir, says the friend, I've weigh'd the matter:
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter:
Make him (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald or an architect.
Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own.
The boy wants wit; he's sent to school,
Where learning but improves the fool:
The college next must give him parts,
And cram him with the lib'ral arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;

Thus ministers have royal boons
Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoo
In spite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for ev'ry post were fit
But now let ev'ry Muse confess
That merit finds its due success.
Th' examples of our days regard;
Where's virtue seen without rewa
Distinguish'd and in place you fin
Desert and worth of ev'ry kind.
Survey the rev'rend bench, and se
Religion, learning, piety:
The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's
Is honesty disgrac'd and poor?
What is't to us what was before?
We all of times corrupt have h
When paltry minions were prefe

rovided that his clerk was good,
What tho' he nothing understood?
n church and state the sorry race
rew more conspicuous fools in place.
uch heads as then a treaty made,
lad bungled in the cobbler's trade.
Consider, Patrons, that such elves
xpose your folly with themselves.
Tis your's, as 'tis the parent's care,
'o fix each genius in its sphere.
'our partial hand can wealth dispense,
ut never give a blockhead sense.

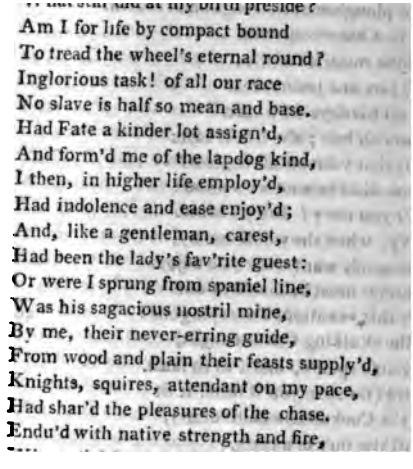
An Owl of magisterial air,
f solemn voice, of brow austere,
ssum'd the pride of human race,
nd bore his wisdom in his face;
Not to depreciate learned eyes,
've seen a pedant look as wise.
Within a barn, from noise retir'd,
Ie scorn'd the world, himself admir'd;
nd, like an ancient sage, conceal'd
he follies public life reveal'd.
Philosophers of old, he read,
heir country's youth to science bred,
heir manners form'd for ev'ry station,
nd destin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
letreated, and a people sav'd,

And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for master of a school.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,
They fancy'd learning in the sound.
The school had fame; the crowded
With pupils swarm'd of ev'ry race.
With these the Swan's maternal care
Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet hei
The Hen (tho' fond and loath to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart:
The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aspir'd to science more refin'd:
The Ass learnt metaphors and tropes,
But most on music fix'd his hopes.
The pupils, now advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's busy stage;

The Cock shall mighty wealth attain:
Go, seek it on the stormy main.
The court shall be the Spider's sphere:
Power, fortune, shall reward him there.
In music's art the Ass's fame
Shall emulate Corelli's name.
Each took the part that he advis'd,
And all were equally despis'd.
A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull preceptor thus reprov'd:
Blockhead (says he), by what you've done,
One would have thought 'em each your son;
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts nor turn of mind,
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what th' other son shall be.
Had you with judgment weigh'd the case,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place;
The Swan had learn'd the sailor's art;
The Cock had play'd the soldier's part;
The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made;
But for the foal, in ev'ry class,
The blockhead had appear'd an Ass.

CONSIDER man in ev'ry sphere,
Then tell me, is your lot severe?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is ju
I grant that hunger must be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are seen and
But ev'ry mortal feels his own.
We're born a restless needy crew:
Show me the happier man than you.
Adam, tho' blest above his kind,
For want of social woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw,
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law:
Thus fell our sire, and their dismay

What various wants on pow'r attend?
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from ev'ry use of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's strength and health.
Another in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miseries of life;
Domestic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir; the line is lost:
Why was that vain entail engrost?
Canst thou discern another's mind?
What is't you envy? Envy's blind.
Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.
The dinner must be dish'd at one.
Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone?
Unless the skulking Cur is caught,
The sirloin's spoil'd, and I'm in fault.
Thus said (for sure you'll think it fit
That I the Cookmaid's oaths omit);
With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook:
The broomstick o'er her head she waves;
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves:
The sneaking Cur before her flies;
She whistles, calls; fair speech she tries.



What star did at my birth preside?
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?
Inglorious task! of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.
Had Fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lapdog kind,
I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;
And, like a gentleman, carest,
Had been the lady's fav'rite guest:
Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
Was his sagacious nostril mine,
By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feasts supply'd,
Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,
Had shar'd the pleasures of the chase.
Endu'd with native strength and fire,

To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day.
An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone:
Dare you at partial Fate repine?
How kind's your lot compar'd with mine!
Decreed to toil, the barb'rous knife
Hath sever'd me from social life;
Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
I drag the cumbrous waggon's load:
'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
Break the stiff soil, and house the grain;
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.
But then, consider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour's not far away)
You, by the duties of your post,
Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast;
And for reward shall share the feast,
I mean, shall pick my bones at least.
Till now, th' astonish'd Cur replies,
I look'd on all with envious eyes.
How false we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their sev'ral cares.
If thus you' mighty beast complains,
Perhaps man knows superior pains.
Let envy then no more torment:
Think on the Ox, and learn content.

*To Laura.*

LAURA, methinks you're over nice.
True, flatt'ry is a shocking vice;
Yet sure, whene'er the praise is just,
One may commend without disgust.
Am I a privilege deny'd,
Indulg'd by ev'ry tongue beside?
How singular are all your ways!
A woman, and averse to praise!
If 'tis offence such truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel?
Since then I dare not speak my mind,
A truth conspicuous to mankind;
Tho' in full lustre ev'ry grace
Distinguish your celestial face;
Tho' beauties of inferior ray

Shall, like a woman in mere spite,
Set beauty in a moral light.
Tho' such revenge might shock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair,
I mean that superficial race
Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face.
What's that to you? I but displease
Such ever-girlish ears as these.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That lasts the same thro' ev'ry stage.
Tho' you by time must suffer more
Than ever woman lost before,
To age is such indiff'rence shown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught?
Or is it native strength of thought,
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourself by Reason's light?
Those eyes of so divine a ray,
What are they? mould'ring, mortal clay.
Those features, cast in heavn'ly mould,
Shall, like my coarser earth grow old;
Like common grass the fairest flow'r
Must feel the hoary season's pow'r.
How weak, how vain, is human pride!
Dares man upon himself confide?
The wretch who glories in his gain
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.

What's beauty? Call'ye that your'd
A flow'r that fades as soon as blown.
What's man in all his boast of sway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.
Alike the laws of life take place
Thro' ev'ry branch of human race.
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins?
Or cool the fever's restless pains?
Can he (worn down in Nature's course
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he, (how vain is mortal pow'r!)
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?
Consider, Man; weigh well thy frame

Methinks I scent some rich repast;
he savour strengthens with the blast;
uff then, the promis'd feast inhale;
taste the carcass in the gale.
ear yonder trees the farmer's steed,
rom toil and ev'ry drudg'ry freed,
ath groan'd his last. A dainty treat!
o birds of taste delicious meat.
A Sexton, busy at his trade,
o hear their chat suspends his spade.
eath struck him with no farther thought,
han merely as the fees he brought.
'as ever two such blund'ring fowls,
brains and manners less than owls!
ockheads, says he, learn more respect:
now ye on whom ye thus reflect?
this same grave (who does me right
ust own the work is strong and tight)
re 'Squire that yon' fair hall possest,
)-night shall lay his bones at rest.
'hence could the gross mistake proceed?
ie 'Squire was somewhat fat indeed.
'hat then; the meanest bird of prey
ich want of sense could ne'er betray;
)r sure some difference must be found
uppose the smelling organ sound)
carcasses, (say what we can)
where's the dignity of man?

They prais'd dead horse, [illegible]
The ven'son of the prescient brood.
The Sexton's indignation mov'd;
The mean comparison reprov'd;
Their undiscerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam
Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supply'd:
They rail, revile; as often ends
The contest of disputing friends,
Hold, says the Fowl; since human
With confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let's state the case, and then refer
The knotty point, for taste may err.
As thus he spoke, from out the mo
An Earthworm, huge of size, unroll'
His monstrous length: they strait a
To chuse him as their referee:

asses of ev'ry kind
hath elegantly din'd;
by luxury or need,
or fowl, or man, I feed:
ll distinction's in the savour,
chuse the fancy'd flavour:
st own (that human beast)
is the rankest feast.
e this boast; for human pride
ous tracts to range beside.
e who kept the world in awe,
whose dictate fix'd the law,
the poor, the great, the small,
'd; death confounds them all.
k not that we reptiles share
, such elegance of fare;
rue and real good
as never vermine's food:
l in th' immortal mind;
inguishes mankind,
as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
ith the soul we know not where.
nan Sexton, since the case
ith such a dubious face,
I the cause determine,
nt tastes please diff'rent vermine.

In Fable all things hold discourse;
Then words no doubt must talk of course.
Once on a time, near Cannon-row,
Two hostile adverbs, Ay and No,
Were hast'ning to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite;
Before each gen'ral join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began:
Stop, peevish Particle! beware!
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon' folks a while to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder stage,
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow

He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treas'ry lord, not Maister Y----g.
Obsequious at his high command,
Ay shall march forth to tax the land;
Impeachments No can best resist,
And Ay support the civil list:
Ay, quick as Cæsar, wins the day,
And No, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,
Let Ay's seem No's and No's seem Ay's;
Ay's be in courts denials meant,
And No's in bishops' give consent.
Thus Ay propos'd---and, for reply,
No, for the first time, answer'd Ay!
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

and the Philosopher
To his Highness William Duke of Cu
Fable I. The Lion, the Tiger, and the
Fable II. The Spaniel and the Camelior
Fable III. The Mother, the Nurse, and
Fable IV. The Eagle and the Assembl
mals,
Fable V. The wild Boar and the Ram,
Fable VI. The Miser and Plutus,
Fable VII. The Lion, the Fox, and the
Fable VIII. The Lady and the Wasp,
Fable IX. The Bull and the Mastiff,
Fable X. The Elephant and the Bookse
Fable XI. The Peacock, the Turkey,
Goose,
Fable XII. Cupid Hymen, and Plutus,
Fable XIII. The tame Stag,
Fable XIV. The Monkey who had seen
Fable XV. The Philosopher and the Ph
Fable XVI. The Pin and Needle,
Fable XVII. The Sepherd's Dog and th
Fable XVIII. The Painter who please
and every body,
Fable XIX. The Lion and the Cub

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Fable XVI. The Ravens, the Sexton,
Earthworm. To Laura,
Ay and No. A Fable,

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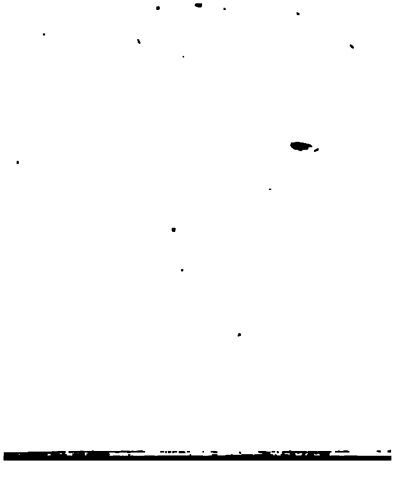


THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# DR. WILL. BROOME.

## *WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

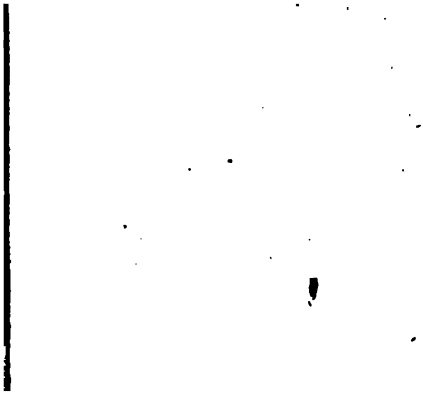
——— Nos otia vitæ
Solamur Cantu. STAT

Bear me, ye friendly Pow'rs! to gentler scenes,
To shady bow'rs and never-fading greens,
Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard nor clash of arms ———
Here grant me, Heav'n! to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Draw health from food the temp'rate garden yields,
From fruit or herb, the bounty of the fields- --
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
Dissolving, turns to ashes, whence it came.
POEM ON SEAT OF WAR.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE Apollo Press,
r GEORGE CAWTHORN, NO. 132, STRAND;
OKSELLER AND PRINTER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1802.



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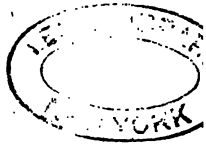

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# DR. WILLIAM BROOME.

CONTAINING HIS

| | |
|---|---|
| PREFACES, | PASTORALS, |
| MISCELLANIES, | ODES, |
| EPISTLES, | IMITATIONS, |
| PARAPHRASES, | TRANSLATIONS, |

*&c. &c. &c.*

---

Free from the lust of wealth and glitt'ring snares
That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
A silent happiness and learned ease.
Deny me grandeur, Heav'n! but goodness grant:
A king is less illustrious than a saint-----
O Heav'n! by what vain passions man is sway'd!
Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd,
Boldly he wanders in pursuit of vice,
And hates confinement tho' in Paradise!
Doom'd when enlarg'd instead of Eden's bow'rs
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flow'rs:
Between th' extremes direct he sees the way,
Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray.

EPIST. TO MR. FENTON.

---

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## THE LIFE OF

# DR. WILLIAM BROOME.

WILLIAM BROOME, Author of the following Poems, is said to have been born in Cheshire, of mean parentage. Of his more early years little is known, further than that he was educated at Eton; and that from his propensity to poetry his acquaintances familiarly called him Poet. He was concerned in the prose translation of The Iliads with Ozel and Oldisworth.

After this translation, now little read and known, which yet in Toland's opinion was not despicable, Mr. Broome was introduced, at Sir John Cotton's at Mandingly in Cambridgeshire, to the acquaintance of Mr. Pope, who engaged him in selecting Notes for The Iliads from Eustathius, &c. Notes were absolutely necessary to swell the work, since the six volumes (of which The Iliads were to consist) would have been very little more than six pamphlets without them.

The sale of The Iliad being rapid, it was followed by a version of The Odyssey, the joint labour of Pope, Fenton, and Broome. Pope translated twelve books, and Fenton and Broome, his coadjutors, the other

ciates performed their parts to ...
of poetry having never been able to distinguish
books from those of Pope.

It has always been known that this version w
wholly Pope's. In the patent he does not sa
*be* had translated The Odyssey as he said of the
but that he had *undertaken* a translation: and
proposals for the Work the profits arising fr
subscription are said to be not solely for his ov
but for that of two of his friends who had assist
in the translation, *&c.* Broome, in a note su
to the end of the work, gives some account
different parts, which mentions five books
translated by himself and Fenton, which acc

suspected to contain only part of the truth. His words are: "If my performance has merit either in these "(the Remarks on the Odyssey) or in my part of "the translation, namely, the sixth, eleventh, and "eighteenth books, it is but just to attribute it to the "judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whose hand "every sheet was corrected. His other and much "more able assistance was Mr. Fenton, in the fourth "and the twentieth books. It was our particular "request that our mutual parts might not be made "known to the world till the end of it; and if they "have had that good fortune, not to be distinguished "from his, we ought to be the less vain, since the "resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence "and study to copy his manner, than from his own "daily revisal and correction." It is certain that Pope, however, in an advertisement afterwards prefixed to a new volume of his Poems, claimed only twelve books.

It is said that Pope acquired this assistance at the expense of 300*l.* to Fenton, and 500*l.* to Broome, with some copies to his friends, which amounted to 100*l.* more. The premium to Fenton is not certainly known; that to Broome is spoke out by Pope in a note on Dunciad III. ver. 331. in these words: "Whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other in-"genious person (Mr. Broome) is surely mistaken:

" a present of all the ...
" terest could procure him subscribers, to
" of 100l. more. The Author only seems
" that he was employed in translations."
treatment of Broome appears somewhat
If Fenton's four books deserved 300l. Broo
with all the Notes,* equivalent at least
four books, certainly entitled him to more
But Pope, as observed by Mr. Allen, was
bad accountant; in which light Broome
to have considered him, for he always spo
as being too much attached to money;
which the irascible bard could neither
forget, since he mentions him with some d
The Dunciad.

... Broome was some time Rector of

He afterwards became Doctor of Laws; and in 1733 was presented by the Crown to the Rectory of Pulham in Norfolk, which he held jointly with Oakley Magna in Suffolk, given him by Lord Cornwallis, to whom he officiated as Chaplin, and who afterwards added the Vicarage of Eye in Suffolk. He resigned Pulham in Norfolk, and retained the two in Suffolk. In these retirements he seems to have wrote most of the occasional Poems, as hinted in the Preface in these words: "Whatever be the fate of these "Works they have proved of use to me, and been "an agreeable amusement in a constant solitude. "Providence has been pleased to lead me out of the "great roads of life into a private path, where though "we have leisure to choose the smoothest way; yet "we are all sure to meet many obstacles in the jour-"ney: I have found poetry an innocent companion, "and support from the fatigues of it." He courted the Muses till the close of his life, amusing his vacant hours in translations from Anacreon, which were published in the Gentleman's Magazine under the name of Chester.

Mr. Broome died at Bath on the 16th of November 1745, and his remains were deposited in the Abbey-church of that city.

If Broome was not a great poet, he was at least an excellent versifier, and had such command of words

# MISCELLANIES.

## A POEM
### ON THE SEAT OF WAR IN FLANDERS,
CHIEFLY WITH RELATION TO THE SIEGES:

*With the Praise of Peace and Retirement.*

WRITTEN IN 1710.

*Humbly inscribed to John Holt, Esq. of Redgrave-Hall in Suffolk.*

{ Decrevus mod alma dedisse, nemus, ut tranquillitatis accipiant. PLIN.

HAPPY, thou Flandria! on whose fertile plains
In wanton pride luxurious Plenty reigns;
Happy but Heav'n, bestow'd one blessing more,
And plac'd thee distant from the Gallic power:
But now in vain thy towns attract the view,
They but invite the victor to subdue:
War, hateful War! the sylvan scene invades,
And angry trumpets pierce the woodland shades.
Here shatter'd tow'rs, proud works of many an age,
Lie dreadful monuments of human rage;
There palaces and hallow'd domes display
Majestic ruins awful in decay!

ho' undistinguish'd trod,
s some hero great and good,
is country lost his blood.
ave the haughty spoilers war,
: mansions wide disclose to air;
ints insulting stalk, nor dread
es of the glorious dead.
ic Lions wave in air!
b'rough breathing death and wai
ores at Anna's high commands
o pours his martial bands;
ı stern Mars the Thund'rer send
es, in pomp the god descends,
n car, with fury burns,
:ling thunders as it turns;
his adamantine shield,
:s o'er th' ensanguin'd field:

The heav'ns above, the fields and floods beneath,
Glare formidably bright, and shine with death;
In fiery storms descends a murd'rous show'r,
Thick flash the light'nings, fierce the thunders r
As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
Aims his dire bolts red-hissing from above,
Thro' the sing'd air with unresisted sway
The forky vengeance rends its flaming way,
And while the firmament with thunder roars,
From their foundations hurls imperial tow'rs;
So rush the globes with many a fiery round,
Tear up the rock, or rend the stedfast mound;
Death shakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way
Mountains of heroes slain, deform the ground,
The shape of man half bury'd in the wound.
And lo! while in the shock of war they close,
While swords meet swords and foes encounter fo
The treach'rous earth beneath their footsteps cle
Her entrails tremble, and her bosom heaves;
Sudden in bursts of fire eruptions rise,
And whirl the torn battalions to the skies. [s

Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thund'
Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving gro
Rocks, hills, and groves, are tost into the sky,
And in one mighty ruin nations die.

See, thro' th' incumber'd air the pond'rous bon
Bears magazines of death within its womb!

Earth floats with blood, while spreading
From palaces and domes, and kindle half
Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
And shoot malignant gleams from pole to
'Tween worlds and worlds they move, ar
Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, an
But who is he who stern bestrides the p
Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills o
Serene while engines from the hostile tow
Rain from their brazen mouths an iron sl
While turbid fiery smoke obscures the da
Hews thro' the deathful breach his desp'r
Sure Jove descending joins the martial to
Or is it Marlb'rough or the great Argyle
Thus when the Grecians, furious to des
Levell'd the structures of imperial Troy,

Here angry Neptune * hurl'd his vengeful mace,
There Jove o'erturn'd it from its inmost base;
Tho' brave, yet vanquish'd she confess'd the odds:
Her sons were heroes, but they fought with gods.
Ah! what new horrours rise? in deep array
The squadrons form; aloft the standards play;
The captains draw the sword; on ev'ry brow
Determin'd Valour lours; the trumpets blow.
See, the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
Thro' the hard entrails of the stubborn mound,
And undismay'd by death the foe invades
Thro' dreadful horrours of infernal shades!
In vain the wall's broad base deep-rooted lies;
In vain an hundred turrets threat the skies!
Lo! while at ease the bands immur'd repose,
Nor careless dream of subterranean foes,
Like the Cadmæan host, embattled swarms
Start from the earth, and clash their sounding arms,
And pouring war and slaughter from beneath,
Wrap tow'rs, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death!
So some fam'd torrent dives within the caves
Of op'ning earth, ingulf'd with all his waves:
High o'er the latent stream the shepherd feeds
His wand'ring flock, and tunes the sprightly reeds,
Till from some rifted chasm the billows rise,
And foaming burst tumultuous to the skies;

* Neptunus muros, magnoq; emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit, &c. VIRG.

Hail, ye soft Seats! ye limpid Sprin
Ye flow'ry Meads! ye vales! and n
Ye limpid Floods! that ever murm'
Ye verdant Meads! where flow'rs e
Ye shady Vales! where zephirs eve
Ye Woods! where little warblers t
Here grant me, Heav'n! to end r
And steal myself from life by slow
Draw health from food the temp'ra
From fruit or herb, the bounty of t
Nor let the loaded table groan beno
Slain animals, the horrid feast of d
With age unknown to pain or sorr
To the dark grave retiring as to res
While gently with one sigh this m
Dissolving, turns to ashes, whence
While my freed soul departs with

Happy if by the wise and learn'd belov'd,
But happiest above all if self-approv'd!
Content with ease, ambitious to despise
Illustrious vanity and glorious vice!
Come thou, chaste Maid! here ever let me stray,
While the calm hours steal unperceiv'd away;
Here court the Muses, while the sun on high
Flames in the vault of heav'n and fires the sky;
Or while the night's dark wings this globe surround,
And the pale moon begins her solemn round,
Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
Those radiant worlds that float in ambient air,
And with a regular confusion stray
Oblique, direct, along th' aerial way;
Or when Aurora from her golden bow'rs
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flow'rs,
Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed
Consult the learned volumes of the dead;
Fall'n realms and empires in description view,
Live o'er past times, and build whole worlds anew;
Or from the bursting tombs in fancy raise
The sons of Fame who liv'd in ancient days.
And lo! with haughty stalk the warrior treads!
Stern legislators frowning lift their heads!
I see proud victors in triumphal cars,
Chiefs, kings, and heroes, seam'd with glorious scars!
Or listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings,
While Plato reasons or while Homer sings.

Here thro' the flow'ry walks of Ede
Court the soft breeze or range the s
There tread on hallow'd ground wh
And rev'rend patriarchs talk'd as fri
Or hear the voice to slumb'ring pro
Or gaze on visions from the throne

But nobler yet, far nobler scenes
Why leap the mountains? why the
Why flashes glory from the golden
Rejoice, O Earth! a God! a God a
A God! a God! descending angels
And mighty seraphs shout, Behold
Hail, Virgin-born! lift, lift ye Bli
Sing, O ye Dumb! and, O ye Dea
Tremble, ye Gates of Hell! in nob

And thou, fair Peace! from the wild floods of war
Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive bear.
Tell me, ye Victors! what strange charms ye find
In conquest, that destruction of mankind?
Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow
That never flourish but in human woe,
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears
Till drench'd in heroes' blood or orphans' tears!
Let Ganges from afar to slaughter train
His sable warriours on the embattled plain;
Let Volga's sons in iron squadrons rise,
And pour in millions from her frozen skies;
Thou, gentle Thames! flow thou in peaceful streams;
Bid thy bold sons restrain their martial flames:
In thy own laurel's shade, great Marlb'rough! stay,
There charm the thought of conquer'd worlds away.
Guardian of England! born to scourge her foes,
Speak, and thy word gives half the world repose.
Sink down, ye Hills! eternal Rocks subside!
Vanish, ye Forts! thou, Ocean! drain thy tide;
We safety boast defended by thy fame
And armies---in the terrour of thy name!
Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade;
War, be thou chain'd! ye Streams of Blood, be stay'd!
Tho' wild Ambition her just vengeance feels,
She wars to save, and where she strikes she heals.
So Pallas with her jav'lin smote the ground,
And peaceful olives flourish'd from the wound.

THE gay Ophelia view'd her face
In the clear crystal of her Glass;
The lightning from her eye was fled,
Her cheek was pale, the roses dead.
Then thus Ophelia with a frown----
" Art thou, false Thing! perfidious gro
" I never could have thought, I swear,
" To find so great a sland'rer there.
" False Thing! thy malice I defy;
" Beaux vow I'm fair---who never lie.
" More brittle far than brittle thou
" Would ev'ry grace of woman grow
" If charms so great so soon decay,
" The bright possession of a day!
" But this I know, and this declare,
" That thou art false, and I am fair."
The Glass was vex'd to be bely'd,

While yet it spoke Ophelia frown'd,
And dash'd th' offender to the ground:
With fury from her arm it fled,
And round a glitt'ring ruin spread;
When lo! the parts pale looks disclose;
Pale looks in ev'ry fragment rose:
Around the room instead of one
An hundred pale Ophelias shone.
Away the frighted virgin flew,
And humbled, from herself withdrew.

THE MORAL.

Ye Beaux! who tempt the fair and young
With snuff and nonsense, dance and song;
Ye Men of compliment and lace!
Behold this image in the Glass;
The wond'rous force of flatt'ry prove
To cheat fond virgins into love:
Tho' pale the cheek, yet swear it glows
With the vermilion of the rose:
Praise them---for praise is always true,
Tho' with both eyes the cheat they view.
From hateful truths the virgin flies,
But the false sex is caught with lies.

## POVERTY AND POETRY.

'Twas sung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And by his strange enchanting tunes
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons.

A few wild castles in the air:
Poor are the brethren of the bays
Down from high strains to ekes and ay
The Muses too are virgins yet,
And may be---till they portions get.
Yet still the doting rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water.
Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
Of nectar and Elysian springs.
What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye Bards! his influence on your heads
Lawyers by endless controversies
Consume unthinking clients' purses.

In shady groves the Muses stray,
And love in flow'ry meads to play;
An idle crew! whose only trade is
To shine in trifles, like our ladies;
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning:
Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their vot'ries but a laurel wreath.
But Love rewards the bard; the fair
Attend his song and ease his care.
Alas! fond Youth! your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil.
Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
You nobly swell the lofty strain:
Coy Daphne flies; and you will find as
Hard hearts as her's in your Belinda's.
But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain that envy'd prize, a Name:
Great recompense! like his who sells
A diamond for beads and bells.
Will fame be thought sufficient bail
To keep the poet from the jail?
Thus the brave soldier in the wars
Gets empty praise and aking scars;
Is paid with fame and wooden legs,
And starv'd the glorious vagrant begs.

I who was once the glory of the plain,
The fairest virgin of the virgin train,
Am now (by thee, O faithless Man! t
A fall'n, a lost, a miserable maid!
Ye Winds! that witness to my deep c
Receive my sighs, and waft them thro
And gently breathe them to my Dame
Curs'd, ever curs'd, be that unlucky da
When trembling, sighing, at my feet
I trembled, sighed, and look'd my hea
Why was he form'd, ye Pow'rs! his s
Too false to love, too fair to be deny'd
Ye heedless Virgins! gaze not on his
Lovely they are, but she that gazes die
O fly his voice, be deaf to all he says!

wift on the wings of eager love I fly,
)r send my soul still swifter in a sigh!
'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
ınd try the eloquence of female tears:
'earless I'd pass where Desolation reigns,
Tread the wild waste, or burning Libyan plains;
)r where the North his furious pinions tries,
ınd howling hurricanes embroil the skies!
ihould all the monsters in Getulia bred
)ppose the passage of a tender maid,
)auntless if Damon calls his Cælia speeds
Thro' all the monsters that Getulia breeds!
Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
Swift and unerring from the twanging yew:
By love inspir'd I'll teach the shaft to fly;
For thee I'd conquer, or at least would die!
If o'er the dreary Caucasus you go,
Or mountains crown'd with everlasting snow,
Where thro' the freezing skies in storms it pours,
And brightens the dull air with shining show'rs;
Ev'n there with you I could securely rest,
And dare all cold but in my Damon's breast.
Or should you dwell beneath the sultry ray
Where rising Phœbus ushers in the day,
There, there I dwell! Thou, Sun! exert thy fires;
Love, mighty Love; a fiercer flame inspires.
Or if, a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
Where Jordan's streams in soft meanders flows,

Joy of my
Why must I love,
Sweet are the whispers of the
And murm'ring waters curling to the
Sweet are soft slumbers in the shady bow'rs
When glowing suns infest the sultry hours:
But not the whispers of the waving trees,
Nor murm'ring waters curling to the breeze;
Not sweet soft slumbers in the shady bow'rs
When thou art absent, whom my soul adores!
Come, let us seek some flow'ry fragrant bed;
Come, on thy bosom rest my love-sick head;
Come, drive thy flocks beneath the shady hil
Or softly slumber by the murm'ring rills.
Ah! no; he flies; that dear enchanting h
Whose beauty steals my very self from m
Yet wert thou wont the garland to pre
To crown with fragrant wreaths thy Cæ
Then to the lyre she tun'd the vocal la
[illegible] you'd flatter and thine ey
[illegible] sing in the dan
[illegible] r'd

But whence these sudden sad pres
These rising sighs, and whence these
Ah! lest the trumpet's terrible alarm
Have drawn the lover from his Cælia
To try the doubtful field, and shine in
Ah! canst thou bear the labours of th
Bend the tough bow, or dart the pointe
Desist, fond Youth! let others glory ga
Seek empty honour o'er the surgy main
Or sheath'd in horrid arms rush dreadful t
Thee, Shepherd! thee the pleasurable w
The painted meadows and the crystal flo
Claim and invite to bless their sweet abo
Their shady bow'rs and sylvan scenes aris
There fountains murmur, and the spring
Flow'rs to delight the smell or charm the
But mourn, ye sylvan Scenes and shady Bo
Weep all ye Fountains! languish all ye Fl
If in a desert Damon but appear,
To Cælia's eyes a desert is more fair
Than all your charms when Damon is not
Gods! what soft words, what sweet delusiv
He boasts! and oh! those dear undoing sm
Pleas'd with our ruin to his arms we run:
To be undone by him who would not be un
Alas! I rave. Ye swelling Torrents! roll
Your wat'ry tribute o'er my love-sick soul:

*Broome.*]

Blast her, ye Skies! let instant vengeance
Those guilty charms, whose crime it is to
Damon is mine!---Fond Maid! thy fears
Am I not jealous, and my charmer true?
O Heav'n! from jealousy my bosom save,
Cruel as Death, insatiate as the grave!
Ye Pow'rs! of all the ills that ever cur
Our sex, sure man, dissembling Man! is
Like froward boys, a while in wanton pla
He sports with hearts, then throws the t
With specious wiles weak woman he ass
He swears, weeps, smiles, he flatters, an
Then in the moment when the maid beli
The perjur'd traitor triumphs, scorns, a
How oft' my Damon swore th' all-seein
Should change his course, and rivers ha
Ere his fond heart should range, or faith
[illegible] object of his stedfast love!

tear is fruitless, and the tender sigh,
life a load.---Forsaken Cælia! die.
swifter, Time! O speed the joyful hour!
eive me, Grave!---then I shall love no more.
! wretched Maid! so sad a cure to prove;
! Wretched Maid! to fly to Death from Love.
:t oh! when this poor frame no more shall live,
: happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve?
h me! I'm vain: my death cannot appear
Forth the vast price of but a single tear.
orlorn, abandon'd, to the rocks I go,
lut they have learn'd new cruelties of you:
Alone relenting Echo with me mourns,
And faint with grief she scarce my sighs returns.
Then Sighs adieu! ye nobler Passions rise!
Be wise fond Maid!---but who in love is wise?
I rage, I rail, the extremes of anger prove;
Nay, almost hate---then love thee beyond love!
Pity, kind Heav'n! and right an injur'd maid:
Yet oh! yet spare the dear deceiver's head!
If from the sultry sun at noontide hours
He seeks the covert of the breezy bow'rs,
Awake, O South! and where my charmer lies
Bid roses bloom and beds of fragrance rise;
Gently, O gently! round in whispers fly,
Sigh to his sighs, and fan the glowing sky.
If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
Be still, ye Waves! or round his vessel play.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR F

## MR. ELIJAH FENTOI

--- ----- ---" Calentem
" Denita sparges lacryma favillam
" Vatis amici."

As when the King of Peace and Lord
Sends down some brighter angel from
Pleas'd with the beauties of the heav'r
A while we view him in full glory dre
But he, impatient from his heaven to
Soon disappears, and wings his airy w
So didst thou vanish, eager to appear
And shine triumphant in thy native sp

O early lost! yet stedfast to survey
Envy, disease, and death, without dismay;
Serene, the sting of pain † thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions objects of a smile:
So the fam'd Patriarch on his couch of stone
Enjoy'd bright visions from th' eternal throne. [please,
Thus wean'd from earth, where pleasure scarce can
Thy woes but hasten'd thee to heav'n and peace;
As angry winds, when loud the tempest roars,
More swiftly speed the vessel to the shores.
O may these lays a lasting lustre shed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead!
Strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway;
Humble yet learned, tho' innocent yet gay
So pure of heart, and thou might'st safely show
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe;
Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great;
Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
Thou deemedst mean the pageantry of kings,
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted riband or a glitt'ring stone,
Uselessly bright! It was thine the soul to raise
To nobler objects, such as angels praise;
To live to mortals' empty fame a foe,
And pity human joy and human woe;

† The gout.

beams of calm light, and glitter to t
Where now, O! where shall I tru
Among the treach'rous race of base n
Whom, whom consult in all th' unc
Of various life, sincere to blame or p
O Friend! O falling in thy strength c
Warm from the melting soul receive
O Woods! O Wilds! O ev'ry bow'ry
So often vocal by his music made,
Now other sounds---far other sounds!
And o'er his herse with all your echoes
Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths
To heav'n, and left vain man for saints
Thus in the theatre the scenes unfol
A thousand wonders glorious to behol
And here or there

Nor deign'd but to high themes † to tune the string,
To such as Heav'n might hear and angels sing:
Unlike those bards who, uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flashy lay.
Each line display'd united strength and ease,
Form'd like his manners to instruct and please.
So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flow'r and salutary juice;
And while each plant a smiling grace reveals,
Usefully gay, at once it charms and heals.
Transcend ev'n after death, ye great! in show,
Lend pomp to ashes, and be vain in woe;
Hire substitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes;
While here sincerity of grief appears,
Silence that speaks, and eloquence in tears;
While tir'd of life we but consent to live
To show the world how really we grieve.
As some fond sire whose only son lies dead,
All lost to comfort makes the dust his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious show'rs;
Such heart-felt pangs on thy sad bier attend,
Companion! Brother! all in one---my Friend!
Unless the soul a wound eternal bears
Sighs are but air, but common water tears:
The proud relentless weep in state, and show
Not sorrow, but magnificence of woe.

† *Mr. Fenton* intended to write upon moral subjects.

Ye hallow'd Domes! his frequent vi
Thou court where God himself delight
Thou Mystic Table and thou holy Fea
How often have ye seen the sacred gu
How oft' his soul with heav'nly mann
His faith enliven'd, while his sin lay
While list'ning angels heard such rap
As when they hymn th' Almighty ch
But where, now where, without the l
New to the heav'ns, subsists thy gen
Glides it beyond our gross imperfect
Pleas'd high o'er stars from world to
And fearless marks the comet's dread
While monarchs quake and tremblin
Or holds deep converse with the migl

Awake, my heavy Soul! and upward fly,
Speak to the saint, and meet him in the sky,
And ask the certain way to rise as high.

## ON THE
# BIRTH-DAY OF A GENTLEMAN
### WHEN THREE YEARS OLD.

Awake, sweet Babe! the sun's emerging ray
That gave you birth renews the happy day:
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.
Fair Beauty's Bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall produce,
And yield not barren ornament but use!
Ev'n now thy spring a rich increase prepares
To crown the riper growth and manly years.
Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise
In miniature a little orchard lies;
The fibrous labyrinths by just degrees
Stretch their swol'n cells, replete with future trees;
By time evolv'd the spreading branches rise,
Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the skies.
O lovely Babe! what lustre shall adorn
Thy noon of beauty when so bright thy morn?
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no voice o'ercloud thy future day!

The poor man's guardian and the g
Bid virtuous Sorrow smile, scorn'd
And o'er Affliction pour the gen're
Some, wildly lib'ral, squander, no
And give unprais'd, because they
To sanctify thy wealth on worth e
Thy gold, and to a blessing turn th
Thus off'rings from th' unjust poll
The good turn smoke into a sacrifi

---

ADDITION.

* *To brace the mind to dignity of thou*
*To emulate what godlike Tully wrote*
*Be this thy early wish! The garden*
*If unimprov'd, at least but gaudy we*

artist plans a fav'rite draught
rise responsive to the thought,
s beneath his forming hands,
god a temple stands:
ing frame, by Heav'n design'd
hy of a godlike mind;
, and finish'd to display
of Heav'n's ethereal ray.
charms increase, O lovely Boy!
: Pains! and age alone destroy!
t, that if great Cupid be
d might boast to look like thee!
Iülus' form he deign'd to wear
smiles, and such his winning air.
ight mistake thee for her own
es proclaim thee not her son;
lightning of thy mother's flies,
d with Cytherea's eyes!
r short a date the Pow'rs decree
frame of beauties and to thee!
s and all those beauties fly!
rs and thou, alas! shalt die;
indred, all thy friends, shall see,
nat now thou art, and they must be;
ifeless lump of earth deplore:
1 be, and kings shall be no more!
en ripe for death Fate calls thee hence,
y mortal excellence;

The Flow'r to bloom again in sprin,
But beauty when it once declines
No more to warm the lover shines.
Alas! incessant speeds the day
When thou shalt be but common cl
When I who now adore may see
And ev'n with horrour start from th
But ere, sweet Gift! thy grace co
Show thou my fair one how she blo
Put forth thy charms---and then de
Thyself less sweet, thyself less fair;
Then sudden by a swift decay
Let all thy beauties fade away,
And let her in thy glass descry
How Youth and how frail Beauty d

So flow'rs in Eden fond to blow
In Paradise would only grow.
  Nor wonder, Fairest! to survey
The Flow'r so suddenly decay.
Too cold thy breast; nor can it grow *
Between such little hills of snow.
  I now, vain Infidel! no more
Deride th' Egyptians, who adore
The rising herb and blooming Flow'r:
Now, now, their convert I will be,
O lovely Flow'r! to worship thee.
  But if thou 'rt one of their sad train
Who dy'd for love and cold disdain,
Who, chang'd by some kind pitying pow'r,
A lover once, † art now a Flow'r,
O pity me! O weep my care!
A thousand thousand pains I bear;
I love, I die, thro' deep despair!

## ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

From peace and social joy Medusa flies,
And loves to hear the storm of anger rise.
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.

VARIATION.

* ------*how could it grow?*

† See Ovid's Metamorph.

QUEEN of Fragrance, lovely Rose!
The beauties of thy leaves disclose;
The winter 's past, the tempests fly;
Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky;
The lark sweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of spring;
The silver dews, the vernal show'rs,
Call forth the gloomy waste of flow'rs;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloath'd with green or swell with b
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

Thou, beauteous Flow'r! a welcome
Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,
Shalt grace her hand or deck her hair,

ift as the short-liv'd flow'r they fly;
morn they bloom, at ev'ning die.
)' sickness yet a while forbears,
time destroys what sickness spares.
' Helen lives alone in fame,
Cleopatra 's but a name.
must indent that heav'nly brow,
hou must be what they are now.
s moral to the fair disclose,
of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

## THE COQUETTE.

with uncontested sway
ne's fam'd tyrant reigns,
doring crowds obey,
:s proud to wear her chains,
s like him to ev'ry prize,
urder beaux and flies.

ev'ry trifling heart,
h flatterer's vows,
icture drawn with art,
that gaze bestows.
ow'r who lovers rules
scorn than hope with fools!

ph! the crowds that gaze
) shame;

## COURAGE IN

My eyes with floods of tears o'
My bosom heaves with constant
Those eyes which thy unkindne
That bosom where thy image d
How could I hope so weak a
Could ever warm that matchle
When none Elysium must bel
Without a radiant bough of g
'Tis her's in spheres to shine;
At distance to admire is mine
Doom'd like th' enamour'd y
For a new goddess form'd of
[illegible] I spoke Love's

When with a smile that kindles joy
Ev'n in the gods began the boy:
" How vain these tears! is man decreed
" By being abject to succeed?
" Hop'st thou by meagre looks to move?
" Are women frighten'd into love?
" He most prevails who nobly dares;
" In love an hero as in wars:
" Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,
" But it is when Mars disputes the field.
" Sent from a daring hand my dart
" Strikes deep into the fair one's heart.
" To winds and waves thy cares bequeath;
" A sigh is but a waste of breath.
" What tho' gay youth and ev'ry grace
" That beauty boasts adorn her face?
" Yet goddesses have deign'd to wed,
" And take a mortal to their bed;
" And Heav'n when gifts of incense rise
" Accepts it tho' it cloud their skies.
" Mark how this marygold conceals
" Her beauty and her bosom veils;
" How from the dull embrace she flies
" Of Phœbus when his beams arise;
" But when his glory he displays,
" And darts around his fiercer rays,
" Her charms she opens, and receives
" The vig'rous god into her leaves."

WHEN from the p...
The sad Amintor sigh'd,
And thus while streams of tears he
The mournful shepherd cry'd;
"Move slow, ye Hours! thou, Ti
"Prolong the bright Belinda's stay
"But you, like her, my pray'r den
"And cruelly away ye fly.

"Yet tho' she flies she leaves beh
"Her lovely image in my mind;
"O fair Belinda! with me stay,
"Or take thy image too away.

"See how the fields are gay aro
"How painted flow'rs adorn the

Unmov'd the virgin flies his care
To shine at court and play;
To lonely shades the youth repairs
To weep his life away.

## TO THOMAS MARIOT, ESQ.

*I PREFIX your name to the following poem as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you. I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a testimony of my respect. You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them. May these Verses on Death long survive my own, and remain a memorial of our friendship and my gratitude when I am no more.*

WILLIAM BROOME.

## A POEM ON DEATH.

Τις οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐξι καθανεῖν,
Τὸ καθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν. EURIP.

O FOR Elijah's car to wing my way
O'er the dark gulf of Death to endless day!
A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread!
See! in the horrours of yon' house of woes
Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose!

While flowing stoles, [illegible]
An idle pomp around the silent dead.
Unaw'd by pow'r in common heaps s
The scrips of beggars and the crowns
Here gales of sighs instead of breezes
And streams of tears for ever murm'
The mournful yew with solemn hor
His baleful branches sadd'ning e'en
Around all birds obscene loud-screa
Clang their black wings, and shriek
The ground perverse, tho' bare and
All poisons foes to life, and noxiou
But blasted frequent by th' unwhol
Dead fall the birds, the very poiso
Full in the entrance of the dread
[illegible] half vanish'd to a ghost d

There frantic Angér, prone to wild extremes,
Grasps an ensanguin'd sword, and Heav'n blasphemes;
Where heart sick Agony distorted stands,
Writhes his convulsive limbs and wrings his hands:
Where Sorrow droops his ever-pensive head,
And Care still tosses on his iron bed,
Or musing, fastens on the ground his eye
With folded arms, with ev'ry breath a sigh:
Hydrops unwieldly wallows in the flood,
And Murther rages, red with human blood:
With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain,
Plague, Pestilence, and War, a dismal train!
These and a thousand more the fiend surround;
Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans resound.
O Heav'ns! is this the passage to the skies
That man must tread, when man your fav'rite dies?
Oh for Elijah's car to wing my way
O'er the dark gulf of Death to endless day!
Confounded at the sight my spirits fled,
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead!
I wail'd the lot of man that all would shun
And all must bear that breathe beneath the sun.
When lo! an heav'nly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the starry vault thro' fields of air,
And swifter than on wings of lightning driv'n
At once seems here and there, in earth and heav'n!
A dazzling brightness in refulgent streams,
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with sunny beams,

And while the [illegible]
Thus spoke the vision, amiably
" " Vain Man! wouldst thou e
" To live, to suffer, die, and b
" Look back on ancient times,
" All, all are past! a mighty v
" Heroes and kings, those god
" Aw'd half the nations, now
" The great in arts or arms, t
" Mix with the meanest in c
" Ev'n saints and prophets t
" Ambassadors of Heav'n, a
" And thou, wouldst thou th
" Moses is dead! thy Savio
" Mortal! in all thy acts re
" [illegible] well the time thou

When age we ask we ask it in our wrong,
And pray our time of suff'ring may be long
The nauseous draught and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity and length of pain.
What art thou, Life! that we should court thy stay?
A breath one single gasp must puff away!
A short-liv'd flow'r that with the day must fade!
A fleeting vapour and an empty shade!
A stream that silently but swiftly glides
To meet eternity's immeasur'd tides!
A being lost alike by pain or joy!
A fly can kill it or a worm destroy!
Impair'd by labour and by ease undone,
Commenc'd in tears and ended in a groan!
Ev'n while I write the transient Now is past,
And death more near this sentence than the last!
As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides,
Beat by rude waves and sapp'd by rushing tides,
Torn from its base no more their fury bears,
At once they close, at once it disappears:
Such, such is life! the mark of misery plac'd
Between two worlds, the future and the past:
To time, to sickness, and to death, a prey,
It sinks, the frail possession of a day!
As some fond boy, in sport, along the shore
Builds from the sands a fabric of an hour,
Proud of his spacious walls and stately rooms
He styles the mimic cells imperial domes,

The noble plan ... ...
Swept from the earth he shares the com
His sole distinction now to rot in state !
Thus busy to no end till out of breath
Tir'd we lie down, and close up all in d
Then bless'd the man whom gracio
Thro' life's blind mazes to th' immorta
Who safely landed on the blissful shore
Nor human folly feels, nor frailty more
O Death! thou cure of all our idle stri
End of the gay or serious farce of life !
Wish of the just, and refuge of th' opp
Where Poverty and where ev'n kings
Safe from the frowns of Pow'r, calm t
And the rude insults of the scornful g
The grave is sacred! Wrath and Ma

Tho' the four winds his scatter'd atoms bear
To earth's extremes thro' all th' expanse of air?
Yet bursting glorious from the silent clay,
He mounts triumphant to eternal day.
So when the sun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
Extinct his splendours in the whelming main,
A transient night earth, air, and heav'n, invades,
Eclips'd in horrours of surrounding shades,
But soon emerging with a fresher ray
He starts exultant, and renews the day.

## PROLOGUE,

TO FENTON'S EXCELLENT TRAGEDY MARIAMNE.

WHEN breathing statues mould'ring waste away,
And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay,
The Muse rewards the suff'ring good with fame,
Or wakes the prosp'rous villain into shame;
To the stern tyrant gives fictitious pow'r
To reign the restless monarch of an hour.
Obedient to her call this night appears
Great Herod rising from a length of years;
Fame enlarg'd with titles not his own,
Vile to mount and savage on a throne:
Oft a throne is dire Misfortune's seat,
Pompous wretchedness and woe in state!

mbition springs!
ace of kings:
ih scene
ir mien;
deep distress
d by excess:
fury tost,
r lost,
ghty joy or woe!
most dang'rous foe!
ıy darts inspire!
's too much fire!
rn Herod drove;
)o much love,
ith pitying eyes
ise!
scenes disclose
real woes

But when strict honour with fair features joins,
Like heat and light, at once it warms and shines.
Then let her fate your kind attention raise
Whose perfect charms were but her second praise.*
Beauty and Virtue your protection claim:
Give tears to Beauty, give to Virtue fame.

## THE
# CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE
*To Mr. Southern's last Play,*
CALLED MONEY THE MISTRESS.

THERE was a time when in his younger years
Our author's scenes commanded smiles or tears;
And tho' beneath the weight of days he bends,
Yet like the sun he shines as he descends:
Then with applause, in honour to his age,
Dismiss your vet'ran soldier off the stage;†
Crown his last exit with distinguish'd praise,
And kindly hide his baldness with the bays.‡

VARIATIONS,

* *Then let her fate your just attention raise*
*Whose perfect graces were but second praise.*

† *From the stage.*

‡ Alluding to a vote of the Roman Senate, by which they decreed Cæsar a crown of laurel to cover his baldness.

Ecquid absenti tibi cura Grantæ?
Ecquid antiqui memor es sodalis!
Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes
Chare, Georgî.

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
Ut rosâ dulci, violisque terram
Flora depingit, Zephyrusque blandis
Ventilat alis!

Tarde, quid cessas? Age Rozinantis
Terga conscendas eques * ingementis,
[illegible] Galatæa duris

Tarde, quid cessas? tibi multa virgo
Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,
Et tibi frustrà ad speculum comarum
Circinat orbes!

Te frequens votis revocat sophistes,
Dum Johannensi madidus lyæo
De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.

Quin velis scribam quid habet novorum
Granta? Marlburus spoliis onustus,
Galicas fudit propè † Scaldis undam
Strage Phalangas.

O triumphalen gladium recondas!
Ite vos laurus sanie rubentes!
Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas
Tempora Myrto!

Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas
Mollè subridens, Venus! huc sorores
Gratiæ! longùm valè O Minerva!
Aspera Virgo!

Barbaro tandèm satiata, ludo
Ægidem ponas, gladiumque; castam

† Juxta Aldenardum.

Surripit! Collum O! niveu
Suave labellum!

Ah! ut obliquo aspiciens oc
Torruit pectus?---neque tu
Inscius blandi! tibi sævit in
Flamma medullis!

Tu tamen felix! cohibere t
Tu potes curas!† Cerealis h
Est tibi, præsens relevare d
Pectora luctu.

Corticem astrictum pice cu
Audin' ingenti tonat ut bo

memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
inis:---plenum video!---ah! caveto
tra nè quasset malè, dum laborat
dere dulci!

e!---siccàsti benè, fortiterque!---
c adest curæ medicina! suaves
c tibi somni, et tibi suaviora
nia somnis!

bibens succos, nihil invidebis
s, quamvis cyathi Falerno
cè nigrescant, neque Gallicanæ
dibus uvæ!

Johannensi latitans suili
nnio, scribens sitiente labro,
graves haustus, inimica Musis
ula, duco.

## TO MRS. ELIZ. M——T,

ON HER PICTURE, MDCCXVI.

vondrous Art! that grace to shadows gives!
whose command the lovely phantom lives!
les with her smiles! the mimic eye instils
eal frame! the fancy'd lightning kills!

And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Who gazing on the Portrait with a sigh,
Shall grieve such perfect charms could ever di
How would they grieve if to such beauties joi
The paint could shew the wonders of thy min
O Virgin! born th' admiring world to grac
Transmit thy excellence to latest days;
Yield to thy lover's vows, and then shall rise
A race of beauties conq'ring with thine eyes,
Who reigning in thy charms from death shall
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.
Thus when thro' age the rose-tree's charms
When all her fading beauties die away,
A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
With equal fragrance and with equal grace.
But ah! how short a date on earth is giv'n
To the most lovely workmanship of Heav'n!

Then may this Verse to future ages show
One perfect beauty----such as thou art now!
May it the graces of thy soul display
Till this world sinks, and suns themselves decay,
When with immortal beauty thou shalt rise
To shine the loveliest angel in the skies. 3

## TO BELINDA,

### ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

Sure never pain such beauty wore,
Or look'd so amiable before!
You graces give to a disease,
Adorn the pain and make it please!
Thus burning incense sheds perfumes
Still fragrant as it still consumes.
Nor can ev'n sickness, which disarms
All other nymphs, destroy your charms:
A thousand beauties you can spare
And still be fairest of the fair. 1
But see! the pain begins to fly;
Tho' Venus bled she could not die:
See the new phœnix point her eyes,
And lovelier from her ashes rise.
Thus roses when the storm is o'er
Draw beauties from th' inclement show'r.
Welcome, ye Hours! which thus repay
What envious Sickness stole away;

By wintry storms and hoary frost.
And yet how well did she sustain
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flow'rs when blasting winds invade
Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.
Now in her cheeks and radiant eyes
New blushes glow, new lightnings rise;
Behold a thousand charms succeed,
For which a thousand hearts must bleed!
Brighter from her disease she shines,
As fire the precious gold refines.
Thus when the silent grave becomes
Pregnant with life as fruitful wombs
When the wide seas and spacious earth
Resign us to our second birth,
Our moulder'd frame, rebuilt, assumes
New beauty, and for ever blooms,
And crown'd with youth's immortal pride

## TO BELINDA,

ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH

## ARMS AND FLOWERS.

The list'ning trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills where once they grew,
But you express a pow'r more great;
The Flow'rs you draw not but create.*

Behold your own creation rise
And smile beneath your radiant eyes:
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming Flow'rs what mean these Arms?
So round the fragrance of the rose
The pointed thorn to guard it grows.

But cruel you who thus employ
Both arms and beauty to destroy!
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour formidably gay

VARIATION.

* *The lovely Flora paints the earth,*
*And calls the morning flow'rs to birth,*
*But you display a pow'r more great;*
*She calls forth flow'rs but you create*

In the same flag are Lilies shown,
And angry Lions sternly frown:
On high the glitt'ring standard flies,
And conquers all things---like your ey

## TO BELINDA AT THE

While in these fountains bright Beli
She adds new virtues to the healing w
Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel stood
Bad the soft waters heal, and bless'd th
But from her eye such bright destructio
In vain they flow; for her the lover die

No more let Tagus boast

TO THE RIGHT HON.

## CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

*Baron of Eye, Warden, Chief Justice, and Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's Forests, Chases, Parks and Warrens on the south side of Trent.*

——δῶρόν τοι τῆτο δίδωμι
Μίνμα—— *Odyssey, Lib. xv.*

O THOU! whose virtues sanctify thy state,
O great without the vices of the great!
Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
To think, to act, with elegance and ease! *
Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the string,
And sing to thee who gav'st me ease to sing?
Unskill'd in verse I haunt the silent grove,
Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove,
And mighty Jove attends the shepherd's vows,
And gracious what his suppliants ask bestows:
So by thy favour may the Muse be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
The grateful Muse shall in return bestow
Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

ADDITION.

* *Firm to thy king and to thy country brave;*
*Loyal yet free; a subject, not a slave;*
*Say, &c.*

Thus when the Britons in array
Their ensigns to the sun display,
In the same flag are Lilies shown,
And angry Lions sternly frown:
On high the glitt'ring standard flies,
And conquers all things---like your eyes.

## TO BELINDA AT THE BA

WHILE in these fountains bright Belinda l
She adds new virtues to the healing waves
Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel stood,
Bad the soft waters heal, and bless'd the flo
But from her eye such bright destruction fl
In vain they flow; for her the lover dies.

The wounds of Fortune late receive a
Like ships in storms o'er liquid mount
Ere they are sav'd must almost first be
But you with speed forbid Distress to g
He gives by halves * who hesitates to g
Thus when an angel views mankinc
He feels compassion pleading in his br
Instant the heav'nly guardian cleaves
And pleas'd to save on wings of lightr
Some the vain promises of courts be
And gayly straying they are pleas'd t

ADDITION.

* *Few know to ask or decently receive,*
*And fewer still with dignity to give:*
*If earn'd by flatt'ry, gifts of highest pri*
*Are not a bounty, but the pay of Vice.*
*Some wildly lavish yet no friend obtain,*
*Nor are they gen'rous, but absurd and s*

The flatt'ring nothing still deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies:
As perspectives present the object nigh,
Tho' far remov'd from the mistaking eye,
Against our reason fondly we believe,
Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive:
As the faint traveller when night invades
Sees a false light relieve the ambient shades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright delusion play,
But the false guide shines only to betray;
Swift he pursues, yet still the path mistakes,
O'er dang'rous marshes or thro' thorny brakes,
Yet obstinate in wrong he toils to stray
With many a weary stride o'er many a painful way.
So man pursues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his disappointment with his pain:
At length when years invidiously destroy
The pow'r to taste the long-expected joy,
Then Fortune envious sheds her golden show'rs,
Malignly smiles, and curses him with stores.

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep;
Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead;
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The spicy odours and the solemn rites,
With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless tombs,
And waste profusely floods of vain perfumes.

AFTERWARDS LADY

*On her Picture at Rainham, dra*
*to his Maj*

——περὶ σοὶ γυναικὸς
Εἶδός τ' ἰδὲ φρένας.

AH, cruel hand! that could su
To teach the pictur'd beauty to
Singly she charm'd before, but l
The living beauty and her liken
Thus when in parts the broken
A face in all is seen and charms
Think then, O Fairest of the
What fatal beauties

Thus the bright Venus tho' to heav'n she soar'd,
Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.
O Wond'rous pow'r of mingled light and shades!
Where beauty with dumb eloquence persuades!
Where passions are beheld in Picture wrought,
And animated colours look a thought!
Rare Art! on whose command all Nature waits!
It copies all Omnipotence creates!
Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies,
There the proud seas with all their billows rise.
If life be drawn, responsive to the thought
The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
The mimic bird in skies fictitious moves,
Or fancy'd beasts in imitated groves:
Ev'n heav'n it climbs! and from the forming hands
An angel here, and there a Townshend† stands!
Yet, Painter! yet, tho' art with nature strive,
Tho' ev'n the lovely phantom seem alive,
Submit thy vanquish'd art, and own the draught
Tho' fair defective, and a beauteous fault!
Charms such as her's, inimitably great!
He only can express that can create.
Couldst thou extract the whiteness of the snow,
Or of its colours rob the heav'nly bow,
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy skill,
Lovely in thee, herself more lovely still!

† Now Lady Cornwallis.

...tho' the scene be fair, yet
Th' exalted skies in nobler bea
There the true heaven's eterna
A deluge of inimitable day.

## AN EPIS

TO MY FRIEND MR. ELL

*Author of Mariamne, a T*

WHY art thou slow to strike th
Averse to sing who know'st to s
If thy proud Muse the tragic bus
Great Sophocles revives and re-
While regularly bold she nobly
Strains ...

:alm and silent thy own Proteus* roves
·arly mazes and thro' coral groves;
n emerging from the azure main
bands th' unwilling god constrain,
aves his bosom with prophetic fires,
tongue speaks sublime what Heav'n inspires.
'tis true with barb'rous rage invades
·'n fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades;
ics, biass'd by mistaken rules,
rkish zealots rev'rence none but fools.
se from such injurious tongues is shame;
l the happy author into fame;
œbus thro' the zodiac takes his way,
s amid monsters into day.
ess of mankind! when writing well
a crime, and danger to excel!
oble scorn! my friend such insults sees,
from towns to wilds, from men to trees:
·om the lust of wealth and glitt'ring snares
ke th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
ble joys in calm retirement please,
happiness and learned ease.
: grandeur, Heav'n! but goodness grant:
s less illustrious than a saint.
ly Virtue! come thou heav'nly Guest!
x thy pleasing empire in my breast!

---

tory of Proteus, Odyssey, lib. iv. translated by Mr. Fenton.

By wintry storms [illegible]
And yet how well did she sustain
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flow'rs when blasting winds invade
Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.
Now in her cheeks and radiant eyes
New blushes glow, new lightnings rise;
Behold a thousand charms succeed,
For which a thousand hearts must bleed
Brighter from her disease she shines,
As fire the precious gold refines.
Thus when the silent grave becomes
Pregnant with life as fruitful wombs
When the wide seas and spacious earth
Resign us to our second birth,
Our moulder'd frame, rebuilt, assumes

# TO BELINDA,

## ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH ARMS AND FLOWERS.

THE list'ning trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills where once they grew,
But you express a pow'r more great;
The Flow'rs you draw not but create.*

Behold your own creation rise
And smile beneath your radiant eyes!
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming Flow'rs what mean these Arms?
So round the fragrance of the rose
The pointed thorn to guard it grows.

But cruel you who thus employ
Both arms and beauty to destroy!
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour formidably gay

VARIATION.

* *The lovely Flora paints the earth,*
*And calls the morning flow'rs to birth,*
*But you display a pow'r more great;*
*She calls forth flow'rs but you create*
*Broome.*]

Thus when the Britons in arı
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In the same flag are Lilies sh
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And conquers all things---lik

## TO BELINDA AT

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——δῶρόν τοι τῦτο διδυμι
Μῆμα—— *Odyssey, Lib. xv.*

O THOU! whose virtues sanctify thy state,
O great without the vices of the great!
Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
To think, to act, with elegance and ease! *
Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the string,
And sing to thee who gav'st me ease to sing?
Unskill'd in verse I haunt the silent grove,
Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove,
And mighty Jove attends the shepherd's vows,
And gracious what his suppliants ask bestows:
So by thy favour may the Muse be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
The grateful Muse shall in return bestow
Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

ADDITION.

* *Firm to thy king and to thy country brave;*
*Loyal yet free; a subject, not a slave;*
*Say, &c.*

Severe their lot who when they [illegible]
The wounds of Fortune late receive a cure!
Like ships in storms o'er liquid mountains tost,
Ere they are sav'd must almost first be lost;
But you with speed forbid Distress to grieve:
He gives by halves * who hesitates to give.
Thus when an angel views mankind distrest
He feels compassion pleading in his breast;
Instant the heav'nly guardian cleaves the skie
And pleas'd to save on wings of lightning flie
Some the vain promises of courts betray,
And gayly straying they are pleas'd to stray;

ADDITION.

* *Few know to ask or decently receive,*
*And fewer still with dignity to give:*
*If earn'd by flatt'ry, gifts of highest price*
*[illegible] but the bay of Vice.*

The flatt'ring nothing still deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies:
As perspectives present the object nigh,
Tho' far remov'd from the mistaking eye,
Against our reason fondly we believe,
Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive:
As the faint traveller when night invades
Sees a false light relieve the ambient shades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright delusion play,
But the false guide shines only to betray;
Swift he pursues, yet still the path mistakes,
O'er dang'rous marshes or thro' thorny brakes,
Yet obstinate in wrong he toils to stray
With many a weary stride o'er many a painful way.
So man pursues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his disappointment with his pain:
At length when years invidiously destroy
The pow'r to taste the long-expected joy,
Then Fortune envious sheds her golden show'rs,
Malignly smiles, and curses him with stores.
Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep;
Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead;
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The spicy odours and the solemn rites,
With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless tombs,
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Rare
Here
Yet, Paint
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He only can ex
10

Thus the bright Venus tho' to heav'n she soar'd,
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O Wond'rous pow'r of mingled light and shades!
Where beauty with dumb eloquence persuades!
Where passions are beheld in Picture wrought,
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Rare Art! on whose command all Nature waits!
It copies all Omnipotence creates!
Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies,
There the proud seas with all their billows rise.
If life be drawn, responsive to the thought
The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
The mimic bird in skies fictitious moves,
Or fancy'd beasts in imitated groves:
Ev'n heav'n it climbs! and from the forming hands
An angel here, and there a Townshend † stands!
Yet, Painter! yet, tho' art with nature strive,
Tho' ev'n the lovely phantom seem alive,
Submit thy vanquish'd art, and own the draught
Tho' fair defective, and a beauteous fault!
Charms such as her's, inimitably great!
He only can express that can create.
Couldst thou extract the whiteness of the snow,
Or of its colours rob the heav'nly bow,
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy skill,
Lovely in thee, herself more lovely still!

† Now Lady Cornwallis.

Th' exalted skies in nobler beauties move;
There the true heaven's eternal lamps display
A deluge of inimitable day.

## AN EPISTLE

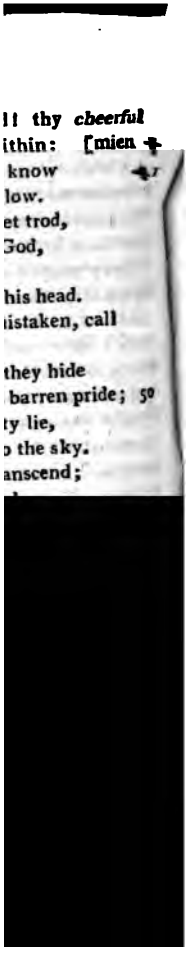
TO MY FRIEND MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

*Author of Mariamne, a Tragedy, 1726.*

WHY art thou slow to strike th' harmonious
Averse to sing who know'st to sing so well?
If thy proud Muse the tragic buskin wears,
Great Sophocles revives and re-appears,
While regularly bold she nobly sings
Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings.
If by thy hand th' Homeric lyre be strung, †
The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung

Thus calm and silent thy own Proteus * roves
Thro' pearly mazes and thro' coral groves;
But when emerging from the azure main
Coercive bands th' unwilling god constrain,
Then heaves his bosom with prophetic fires,
And his tongue speaks sublime what Heav'n inspires.
Envy 'tis true with barb'rous rage invades
What ev'n fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades;
And critics, blass'd by mistaken rules,
Like Turkish zealots rev'rence none but fools.
But praise from such injurious tongues is shame;
They rail the happy author into fame;
Thus Phœbus thro' the zodiac takes his way,
And rises amid monsters into day.
Oh vileness of mankind! when writing well
Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
While noble scorn! my friend such insults sees,
And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.
Free from the lust of wealth and glitt'ring snares
That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
A silent happiness and learned ease.
Deny me grandeur, Heav'n! but goodness grant:
A king is less illustrious than a saint.
Hail, holy Virtue! come thou heav'nly Guest!
Come, fix thy pleasing empire in my breast!

* See the story of Proteus, Odyssey, lib. iv. translated by Mr. Fenton.



Blindly he courts, misguided by the will,
A specious good, and meets a real ill.
So when Ulysses plough'd the surgy main,
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates th' Æolian † bag unbind,
Expecting treasures, but out rush'd a wind;
The sudden hurricane in thunder roars,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the shores.
O Heav'n! by what vain passions man is sway'd!
Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd,
Blindly he wanders in pursuit of vice,
And hates confinement tho' in Paradise;
Doom'd when enlarg'd instead of Eden's bow'rs
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flow'rs:
Between th' extremes direct he sees the way,
Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray!
Whilst niggard souls indulge their craving thirst,
Rich without bounty, with abundance curst,
The prodigal pursues expensive vice,
And buys dishonour at a mighty price.
On beds of state the splendid glutton sleeps,
While starving Merit unregarded weeps:
His ill-plac'd bounty while scorn'd Virtue grieves,
A dog, a fawning sycophant, receives;
And cringing knaves or haughty strumpets share
What would make Sorrow smile, and cheer Despair.

† See Odyssey x. ver. 40.

Be all but virtuous. O! unwise to live
Unfashionably good and hope to thrive!
Trees that aloft with proudest honours rise
Root hellward, and thence flourish to the sk
O happier thou, my Friend! with ease co
Blest with the conscience of a life well spen
Nor wouldst be great, but guide thy gather'
Safe by the shore, nor tempt the rougher ga
For sure of all that feel the wounds of Fate
None are completely wretched but the grea
Superiour woes superiour stations bring;
A peasant sleeps while cares awake a king.
Who reigns must suffer! crowns with gem
At once adorn and load the royal head.
Change but the scene and kings in dust dec
Swept from the earth the pageants of a day
There no distinction on the dead await:
But pompous graves and rottenness in state

on! † when this breath we once resign
hall be as eloquent as thine.
t last hour which calls me hence away
at great arrear which all must pay,
tread the paths which saints have trod,
v they walk'd before th' all-seeing God!
:om ways of wicked men to keep,
k at vice while grieving angels weep.
e, my Friend! the joys retirement brings,
n on royal slaves, and pity kings.
oy laid where trees with trees entwin'd
arches tremble to the wind,
ocence and shade like Adam blest,
ew Eden opens in the breast!
the scenes descending angels trod
is days, when man convers'd with God.
l my lyre to loftier sounds be strung,
r Homer, ‡ or what thou hast sung:
from thine shall catch a warmer ray,
are brighten'd by the god of Day.
unapt to bear by art refin'd,
its ennobled of a gen'rous kind,
the ground with fruits adopted rise
eir spreading honours to the skies.

† Hon. Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of

ne translated eight books of the Odyssey.

Let vulgar souls ...
And speaking marble to record their pra
Or carve with fruitless toil, to fame unkn
The mimic feature on the breathing stor
Mere mortals, subject to Death's total sw
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine on ev'ry heart to grave thy pra
A monument which worth alone can rais
Sure to survive when time shall whelm i
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bus
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame shalt thou and Homer
When sink together in the world's last fi
What Heav'n created and what Heav'n
If aught on earth, when once this brea
With human transport touch the migh
Shakspeare! rejoice; his hand thy page
Now ev'ry scene with native brightnes
... fame he gives thy genuine

A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While the fair image starts again to life.
How long untun'd had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld, and taught by Heav'n to sing
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand ye
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
His plume nods horrible! his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares against the sky;
With martial stalk and more than mortal migl
He strides along; he meets the gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning flor
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores:
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her c
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;
Here pours a torrent, there meanders play.
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies.
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
How twangs the bow when with a jarring spri
The whizzing arrows vanish from the string!

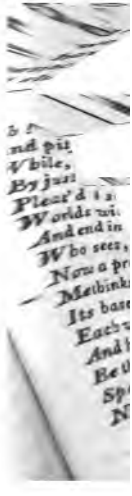
Swift flows the ...
Dart from the dazzl'd view, and flas
Thus like the radiant god who sheds
The vale you paint or gild the azure
And while with ev'ry theme the vers
Sink without grov'ling, without rash
Proceed, great Bard! awake th' har
Be ours all Homer; still Ulysses sin
Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' tr
Inflam'd by thee attempt a nobler st
Adventrous waken the Mæonian lyr
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as yo
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fi
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' mi
Like theirs our friendship: and I bc
... united, for thy friendship'

O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head,
Nor longer in his heavy eyeball shin'd
The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind:
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold:
Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves
With air divine, and like a god he moves.
This labour past of heav'nly subjects sing,
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing
To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise
As when they sing suspended hold the skies;
Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws;
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend:
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce. When Orpheus tunes the lay
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

## TO MR. A. POPE,

WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES.

[illegible] e'er my humble Muse melodious sings
Tis when you animate and tune her strings;
[illegible] e'er she mounts 'tis when you prune her wings.
[illegible]ou like the sun your glorious beams display,
[illegible]eal to the darkest orb a friendly ray,
And clothe it with the lustre of the day.



Weak of herself, my Muse forbears her flight,
Views her own lowness and Parnassus' height:
But when you aid her song and deign to nod,
She spreads a bolder wing, and feels the present god.
So the Cumæan prophetess was dumb,
Blind to the knowledge of events to come;
But when Apollo in her breast abode
She heav'd, she swell'd, she felt the rushing god;
Then accents more than mortal from her broke,
And what the god inspir'd the priestess spoke.

---

ADDITION.

*Ah! how I look with scorn on pompous crowns,*
*And pity monarchs on their splendid thrones!*
*While, thou my guide, I trace all Nature's laws*
*By just gradations to the Sov'reign Cause!*
*Pleas'd I survey how varying schemes unite*
*Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,*
*And end in God, high thron'd above all height,*
*Who sees, as Lord of all, with equal eye*
*Now a proud tyrant perish, then a fly.*
*Methinks I view the Patriarch's ladder rise,*
*Its base on earth, its summit in the skies;*
*Each wondrous step by glorious angels trod,*
*And heav'n unfolding to the throne of God.*
*Be this thy praise! I haunt the lovely bow'r,*
*Sport by the spring, or paint the blooming flow'r;*
*Nor dares the Muse attempt an arduous height, &c.*

# TO A LADY

## PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

)leasing direful sight!
you charm us and affright!
'n destroying angels arms
rrour, dreadful in their charms!

ich was Cleopatra's air,
but formidably fair!
he griev'd world impoverish'd lost
lire asp its noblest boast.

' your guardian's dang'rous pow'r
nce trembling we adore;
nce once again behold
'it guard the blooming gold.

Who ceasing in the spheres to shine
Would for your breast his heav'n resign.

Yet oh! fair Virgin! caution take
Lest some bold cheat assume the Snake.
When Jove compress the Grecian dame†
Aloof he threw the lightning's flame;
On radiant spires the lover rode,
And in the Snake conceal'd the god.

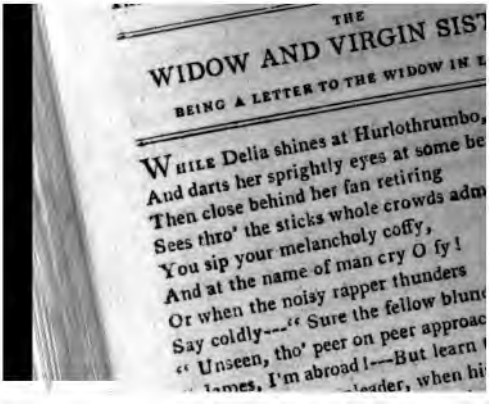
## TO A LADY OF THIRTY.

No more let youth its beauty boast,
S-----n at thirty reigns a toast,
And like the sun as he declines,
More mildly but more sweetly shines.

The hand of Time alone disarms
Her face of its superfl'ous charms,
But adds for ev'ry grace resign'd
A thousand to adorn her mind.

Youth was her too inflaming time,
This her more habitable clime;
How must she then each heart engage
Who blooms like Youth, is wise like Age!

† Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great.



THE

WIDOW AND VIRGIN SIST

BEING A LETTER TO THE WIDOW IN L

While Delia shines at Hurlothrumbo,
And darts her sprightly eyes at some be
Then close behind her fan retiring
Sees thro' the sticks whole crowds adm
You sip your melancholy coffy,
And at the name of man cry O fy!
Or when the noisy rapper thunders
Say coldly---" Sure the fellow blun
" Unseen, tho' peer on peer approac
" James, I'm abroad!---But learn
leader, when hi

Toys of no use! high priz'd commodities
Bought to no end! estates in oddities!
Others with like advantage drive at
Their gain from storehouses in private:
Thus Delia shines in places general,
Is never missing where men are all;
Goes ev'n to church with godly airs
To meet good company at pray'rs,
Where she devoutly plays her fan,
Looks up to heav'n, but thinks on man:
You sit at home, enjoy your cousin. †
While hearts are offer'd by the dozen.
O! born above your sex to rise,
With youth, wealth, beauty, titles---wise!
O Lady bright! did ne'er you mark yet,
In country fair or country market,
A beau whose eloquence might charm ye
Enlisting soldiers for the army?
He flatters ev'ry well-built youth,
And tells him ev'ry thing but---truth:
He cries "Good Friend! I'm glad I hap'd in
"Your company; you'll make a Captain!"
He lists---but finds these gaudy shows
Soon chang'd to surly looks and blows.
'Tis now, "March, Rascal! what d'ye grumble?"
Thwack goes the cane! "I'll make you humble."

† Mrs. S ...th.

" Had I the years of a Methusal
" How in my charmer's praise I'
" O take me to thy arms my Bea
" I dote, adore, thy very shoe-ty
They wed---but fancy grown less
Next morn he thinks the bride le
He says, nay swears, " My wife
" One single month;" then falls
" What, Madam! gadding ev'ry
" Up to your room; there stitch
Such proves the marriage-stat
These truths you'll wed, and sco

## TO A GENTLEMAN C

WHO MARRIED A LADY O

WHAT woes must such unequal
When hoary Winter weds the y
You, like Mezentius, ‡ in the n
Once more unite the living and

# PARAPHRASES.

## HABBAKKUK,

### CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

*le written in* 1710, *as an Exercise at St. John's College in Cambridge.*

in a glorious terrible array
aran's tow'ring height th' Almighty took his
n a cherub's wings he rode, [way,
ble day proclaim'd the God;
hly cloud
is effulgent brightness shroud;
ınd Majesty, and Pow'r,
l in a dreadful pomp before;
a grim and meagre train,
Sickness, frantic Pain, 10
wildly on! with all the dismal band
Heav'n in anger sends to scourge a guilty land.

:rrour cloth'd he downward flew,
:her'd half the nations with a view;
ılf the nations of th' astonish'd earth
er'd war, and plagues, and dearth!
en he spoke
rlasting hills from their foundations shook;

And the sun darken'd as he frown'd.
He dealt affliction from his van,
And wild confusion from his rear;
They thro' the tents of Cushan ran,
The tents of Cushan quak'd with fear,
And Midian trembled with despair.
I see his sword wave naked in the air;
It sheds around a baleful ray;
The rains pour down, the lightnings p
And on their wings vindictive thunde

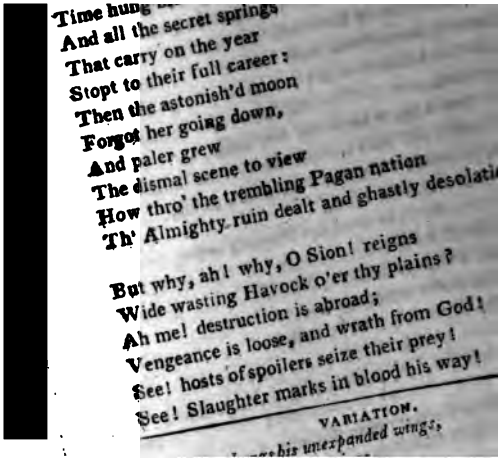
When thro' the mighty flood
He led the murm'ring crowd,
What ail'd the rivers that they backw
Why was the mighty flood afraid?

And lo! at once it bursts, in diverse falls
On either hand! it swells in crystal walls!
Th' eternal rocks disclose! the tossing waves
Rush in loud thunder from a thousand caves!
Why tremble ye, O Faithless! to behold
The opening deeps their gulfs unfold?
Enter the dreadful chasms! it is God who guides
Your wondrous way! the God who rules the tides!
And lo! they march amid the deaf'ning roar
Of tumbling seas! they mount the adverse shore!
Advance, ye chosen Tribes!---Arabia's sands,
Lonely uncomfortable lands,
Void of fountain, void of rain,
Oppose their burning coasts in vain!
See the great Prophet stand
Waving his wonder-working wand!
He strikes the stubborn rock, and lo!
The stubborn rock feels the Almighty blow!
His stony entrails burst, and rushing torrents flow!

Then did the Sun his fiery coursers stay, *
And backward held the falling day;

VARIATION.

* *Ah! what new scenes unfold, what voice I hear!*
*Sun! stand thou still; thou, Moon! thy course forbear.*
*Ah!----Sun! thy wheels obedient stay,*
*Doubling the splendours of the wondrous day;*
*The nimble-footed* Minutes cease to run,
*And urge the lazy* Houre on:

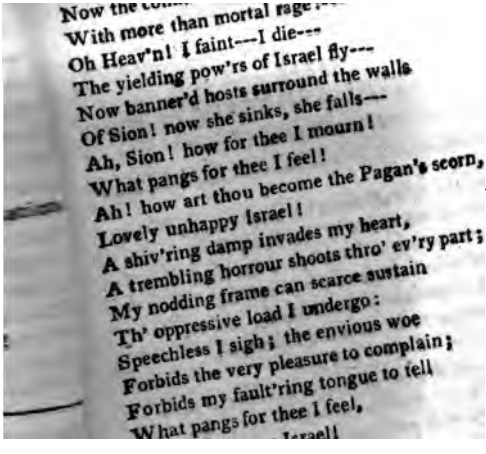


Time hung [illegible]
And all the secret springs
That carry on the year
Stopt to their full career:
Then the astonish'd moon
Forgot her going down,
And paler grew
The dismal scene to view
How thro' the trembling Pagan nation
Th' Almighty ruin dealt and ghastly desolati

But why, ah! why, O Sion! reigns
Wide wasting Havock o'er thy plains?
Ah me! destruction is abroad;
Vengeance is loose, and wrath from God!
See! hosts of spoilers seize their prey!
See! Slaughter marks in blood his way!

VARIATION.

*his unexpanded wings.*



Now the
With more than mortal rage
Oh Heav'n! I faint---I die---
The yielding pow'rs of Israel fly---
Now banner'd hosts surround the walls
Of Sion! now she sinks, she falls---
Ah, Sion! how for thee I mourn!
What pangs for thee I feel!
Ah! how art thou become the Pagan's scorn,
Lovely unhappy Israel!
A shiv'ring damp invades my heart,
A trembling horrour shoots thro' ev'ry part;
My nodding frame can scarce sustain
Th' oppressive load I undergo:
Speechless I sigh; the envious woe
Forbids the very pleasure to complain;
Forbids my fault'ring tongue to tell
What pangs for thee I feel,
Israel!

But tell me now, say how this beauteous frame*
Of all things from the womb of Nothing came,
When Nature's Lord with one Almighty call
From no-where rais'd the world's capacious ball?
Say if thy hand directs the various rounds
Of the vast earth, and circumscribes the bounds?
How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the sky
In concert move, and dance in harmony?
What wondrous pillars their foundations bear
When hung self-balanc'd in the fluid air?
Why the vast tides sometimes with wanton play
In shining mazes gently glide away;
Anon, why swelling with impetuous stores
Tumultuous tumbling thunder to the shores?
By thy command does fair Aurora rise,
And gild with purple beams the blushing skies?
The warbling lark salutes her cheerful ray,
And welcomes with his song the rising day;
The rising day ambrosial dew distils,
Th' ambrosial dew with balmy odour fills
The flow'rs, the flow'rs rejoice, and Nature smiles.
Why Night, in sable rob'd, as daylight fades?
O'er half the nations draws her awful shades?

VARIATION.

* *But tell me, Mortal! when th' Almighty said*
*Be made, ye Worlds! how worlds at once were made?*
*When hosts of angels, wrapt in wonder, sung*
*His praise as order from disorder sprung.*

The moon sheds down a silve
And glads the melancholic fa
Now clouds swift-skimming
Now bright she blazes with a
The stars in order twinkle in
And fall in silence, and in sil
Till as a giant strong, a bride
The Sun springs dancing thr
He shakes his dewy locks and
O'er the proud hills and dowr
His fiery coursers bound abo
And whirl the car along the e
The fiery coursers and their c
A stream of glory and a flood
Did e'er thy eye descend into
Or hast thou seen where infar

---

VARIATI

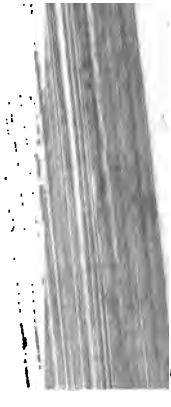
:he grave or regions of the night
›y thee, or open'd to thy sight?
ı disclos'd to thee her gloomy state
ly Forms, the various Woes, that wait
array before her awful gate?
hou where darkness bears eternal sway,
:he source of everlasting day?
he driving hail with rushing sound
ı on high and rattles on the ground?
:r snows, down-wav'ring by degrees,
ı the hills, or glitter from the trees?
n lucid drops the balmy rain
kling gems impearls the spangled plain?
ng in the vale a current flows,
ch flow'r a sudden spring bestows?
vith gentle sighs the ev'ning breeze
e flow'rs or murmurs thro' the trees?
ud winds in storms of vengeance fly,
the main and thunder in the sky?
at wondrous magazines repair
ess beings when serene the air,
their dungeons loos'd they roar aloud,
hole oceans, and toss cloud on cloud,
ves encount'ring waves, in mountains driv'n,
he starry vault and dash the heav'n?
hou why comets threaten in the air,
f woe, destruction, and despair,
e, the sword, and all the forms of war?

Th' exhausted urns of thirs
And mitigate the fever of tl
Or when the heav'ns are ch
And half the skies precipita
Chase the dark horrour of tl
Restrain the deluge, and re
By thee does Summer deck i
Or hoary Winter lock his fr
Say if thy hand instruct the
Or to the lily give unsully'd
Teach fruits to knit from bl
Swell into orbs, and load the
Whose various kinds a varic
With crimson blush, or burn
Say why the sun arrays with

st thou rule the coursers of the Sun,
he lazy sign Boötes on?
u instruct the eagle how to fly,
it the viewless winds and tow'r the sky? 120
ling pinions borne he soars, and shrouds
d aspiring head among the clouds;
ounc'd and fierce he darts upon his prey,
in triumph thro' th' ethereal way,
the sun, and basks in open day.
dread king and terrour of the wood,
, from thy hand expect his food?
ith keen hunger from his den he comes,
he plains, and o'er the forest roams;
's the track of beasts, he fiercely roars, * 130
g the horrours of the midnight hours;
llen majesty he stalks away,
rocks tremble while he seeks his prey;
he grims! he rends the savage brood
sheath'd paws, and churns the spouting blood.
u with thunder arm the gen'rous horse,
rous limbs or swiftness for the course?
the wind he shoots along the plain,
ws no check, nor hears the curbing rein
eyeballs, formidably bright, 140
erce glory and a dreadful light;

VARIATION.

*ocks the beating storms and wintry show'rs,*
*ing night hideous as he sternly roars.*



Neighs at the ...
Rous'd with the noble d
He pants with tumults
His sprightly blood an
Pours from his heart an
He braves the spear an
Demands the fight, an

## CHAP. XLII

P

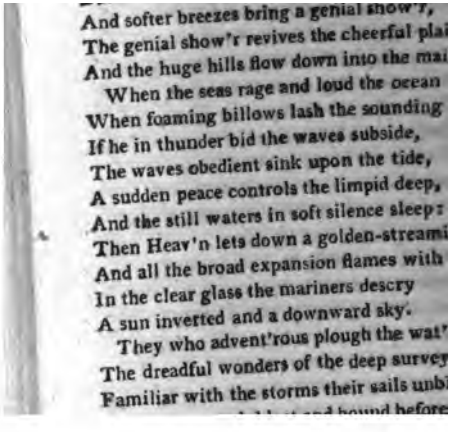
THE sun that rolls
Pride of the world a
... in his co

v'r supreme! O high above all height!
.v'st the sun to shine, and thou art light.
r he falls or rises in the skies
ıy voice is taught to fall or rise;
he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
ısures out the day, the month, and year;
:s the hours along with slower pace,
ıtes rush away impetuous in their race;
:s the flow'rs that sleep within the earth,
s the fragrant infants out to birth;
rant infants paint th'enamell'd vales;
ive incense loads the balmy gales;
ny gales the fragrancy convey
'n, and to their God an offering pay.
' command the moon as daylight fades
broad circle in the deep'ning shades;
in glory and enthron'd in light
ks the solemn terrours of the night;
inconstant in her varying flame,
ges still, another yet the same!
lecrease by slow degrees she shrouds
ıg lustre in a veil of clouds;
nerease her gathering beams display
)f light, and give a paler day;
ısand stars adorn her glitt'ring train,
n she falls, and rise with her again,
the deserts of the sky unfold
*rning spangles* of siderial gold:

The Lord of Nature fram
Turn'd its gay arch, and ba
Its radiant circle compasses
And sweetly the rich tinctu
It bids the horrours of the st
Adorns the clouds, and mak
He when deep-rolling clou
And thund'rous storms a sol
Pours down a wat'ry deluge
And opens all the sluices of
High o'er the shores the rush
Bursts o'er the plain and roa
Dashing abruptly dreadful d
Tumbling thro' rocks, and t
Mean time from ev'ry regio

PARAPHRASES.

Where'er it moves it lays whole forests low,
And at the blast eternal mountains bow;
While tearing up the sands in drifts they rise,
And half the deserts mount the burthen'd skies.
He from aerial treasures downward pours
Sheets of unsully'd snow in lucid show'rs;
Flake after flake thro' air thick-wav'ring flies,
Till one vast shining waste all Nature lies;
Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead;
The hoary trees reflect a silver show,
And groves beneath the lovely burthen bow.
He from loose vapours with an icy chain
Binds the round hail and moulds the harden'd rain;
The stony tempest with a rushing sound
Beats the firm glebe resulting from the ground;
Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
The rising herb, or breaks the spreading blades;
While infant flow'rs that rais'd their bloomy heads
Crush'd by its fury sink into their beds.
When stormy Winter from the frozen North
Come on his icy chariot issues forth,
The blasted groves their verdant pride resign,
The billows harden'd into crystal shine:
Up blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
And the proud floods as with a breast-plate binds;
And the proud seas forget in tides to roll
With the freezings of the Northern pole;



And softer breezes bring a genial show'r,
The genial show'r revives the cheerful pla
And the huge hills flow down into the ma
When the seas rage and loud the ocean
When foaming billows lash the sounding
If he in thunder bid the waves subside,
The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
A sudden peace controls the limpid deep,
And the still waters in soft silence sleep:
Then Heav'n lets down a golden-streami
And all the broad expansion flames with
In the clear glass the mariners descry
A sun inverted and a downward sky.
They who advent'rous plough the wat'
The dreadful wonders of the deep survey
Familiar with the storms their sails unbi

In dreadful pastime terribly he sports,
And the vast ocean scarce his weight supports;
Where'er he turns the hoary deeps divide,
He breathes a tempest and he spouts a tide!
Thus, Lord! the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
Thy boundless wisdom and thy pow'r declare:
Thou, high in glory, and in might serene,
Seest and mov'st all, thyself unmov'd, unseen.
Should men and angels join in songs to raise
A grateful tribute equal to thy praise,
Yet far thy glory would their praise outshine,
Tho' men and angels in the song should join:
For tho' this earth with skill divine is wrought,
Above the guess of man or angel's thought,
Yet in the spacious regions of the skies
New scenes unfold and worlds on worlds arise:
There other orbs round other suns advance,
Float on the air, and run their mystic dance;
And yet the pow'r of thy Almighty hand
Can build another world from ev'ry sand;
And tho' vain man arraign thy high decree,
Till this just! what is that ought to be.*

* Evidently wrong, but so in edit. 1779. The line is not in edit. 1750.

*They sing the different success and ab*

*To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount T*
*in Norfolk, Knight of the most noble G*
*Principal Secretary of State to his Maj*

"Sylvæ, sunt Consule dignæ

DAPHNIS.

How calm the ev'ning! see the
Gilds ev'ry mountain with a rud
In gentle sighs the softly whisp'r
Salute the flow'rs and waves the
Hark! the night-warbler from y
with melodio

Thy frisking flocks safe-wand'ring crop the plain,
And the glad season claims a gladsome strain.
Begin---Ye Echoes! listen to the song,
And with its sweetness pleas'd each note prolong.

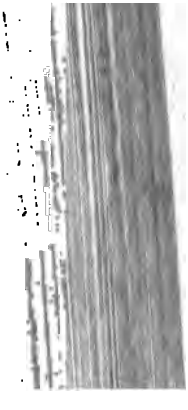
LYC. Sing, Muse!---and O may Townshend deign to view
What the Muse sings! to Townshend this is due,
Who carrying with him all the world admires,
From all the world illustriously retires,
And calmly wand'ring in his Rainham, roves
By lake or spring, by thicket, lawn, or groves,
Where verdant hills or vales, where fountains stray,
Charm every thought of idle pomp away;
Unenvy'd views the splendid toils of state,
In private happy as in public great.

Thus godlike Scipio! on whose cares reclin'd
The burthen and repose of half mankind,
Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly stray'd,
The world forgot beneath the laurel shade;
Nor longer would be great, but void of strife
Clos'd in soft peace his eve of glorious life.

Feed round, my Goats! ye Sheep! in safety graze;
Ye Winds! breathe gently while I tune my lays.

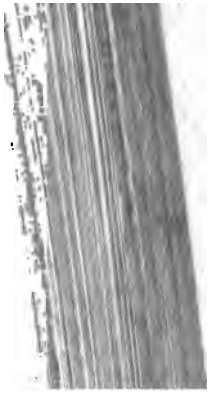
The joyous spring draws nigh; ambrosial show'rs
Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flow'rs;
The flow'rs blow sweet, the daffodils unfold
The spreading glories of their blooming gold.

DAPH. As the gay Hours advance the blossoms shoot,
The knitting blossoms harden into fruit;



When [illegible]
The bloomy beauties of t
And in gay heaps of frag
DAPH. Severe the stor
The earth; but winter yi
O Love! thy rigour my
More cold than winter,
LYC. Sweet is the spri
When balmy odours br
But neither sweet the s
When she I love, my c
DAPH. To savage roc
Deaf as those rocks fro
O virgin! cease to fly;
May hurt thy charms—
LYC. I love, and eve

, ye Flow'rs! and there your pride display,
d your odours where the fair one lay!
)nce as my fair one in the rosy bow'r
lumbers pass'd the noontide hour,
:oach'd, and raptur'd with the bliss
gaz'd, then stole a silent kiss.
; when conscious smiles, but ill repress,
lisdain.----Was ever swain so blest!
ith fragrant apples from the bending bough
y charmer gave her swain a blow;
ender of my wrath afraid.
eiz'd and kiss'd the blooming maid.
, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay
offend a thousand times a-day.
'er the steep mountain and the pathless mead
mbrace the lovely scorner fled,
ling in the flight by chance she fell:
: what---her lover will not tell.
m me my fair one fled dissembling play,
dark conceal'd the wanton lay;
l, and shew'd by the directing sound
:d in secret to be found.
ar hence to happier climes Belinda strays,
breast her lovely image stays:
)lains again, bright Nymph! repair,
; breast far hence thy image bear.
ne, Delia! come; till Delia bless these seats
: *Groves!* within your dark retreats.



DAPH. ...
Where'er she treads, ye
From sultry suns, ye G
Ye bubbling Fountain
LYC. If streams smo
If the gay rose or lily
Smooth streams here
Here the proud lilies
DAPH. Aid me, ye
What love inspires,
Waft it, ye Breezes
And sport, ye Echoes
LYC. Thy name,
The pleasing labou
Her name to heav'
And breathe it to h

## 'ORAL TO A YOUNG LADY,

### LEAVING AND RETURN TO THE COUNTRY.

DAMON.

e each scene so beautiful appears,
es thy bosom and why flow thy tears?
he clouds the spring descends in show'rs,
d vallies laugh with rising flow'rs;
w the floods, soft breathe the vernal airs;
, flow'rs, floods, conspire to charm our cares.
at vain the pleasure which the season yields,
ing vallies or the painted fields.
ye Floods! in silver mazes flow,
, ye Flow'rs! no more soft Breezes blow!
on! far from these unhappy groves
lovely Rosalinda roves.
h! now I know why late the op'ning buds
their gems and sicken'd in the woods;
)p'd the lily in her snowy pride,
the rose withdrew her sweets and dy'd.
fair Rosalind! the op'ning buds
their gems and sicken'd in the woods;
he lily shed her snowy pride,
he rose withdrew her sweets and dy'd.
ee where yon' vine in soft embraces weaves
)n ringlets with the myrtle's leaves,

Nor greets the ris'n ---
DAM. Say, O ye Winds!
Now swell'd to tempests by
Say while my Rosalind de
How Damon dies for whor
FLOR. Ye murm'ring Fo
That visit various lands th
Say, when ye find where
Say how my tears increas
DAM Tell me, I charg
Who range the mazy gro
Beside what fountain, in
Reclines my charmer in
FLOR. Soft, I adjure y
By the fleet roes that bo
--- Virgin-d

She weary wanders thro' the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

DAM. Ah! shield her, Heav'n! your rage, ye Beasts! forbear;
Those are not limbs for savages to tear!
Adieu, ye Meads! with her thro' wilds I go,
O'er burning sands or everlasting snow;
With her I wander thro' the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lion's prey.

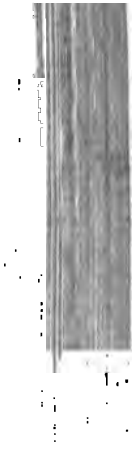
FLOR. Come, Rosalind! before the wintry clouds
Frown o'er th' aerial vault and rush in floods; 60
Ere raging storms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may suffer by the storms or rains.

DAM. Come, Rosalind! O come! then infant flow'rs
Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by yours:
By you the lily shall her white compose,
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose;
Each flow'ry mead and ev'ry tree shall bud,
And fuller honours clothe the youthful wood.

FLOR. Yet, ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way
While sultry suns infest the glowing day: 70
The sultry suns thy beauties may impair----
Yet haste away, for thou art now too fair.

DAM. Hark! from yon' bow'r what airs soft-warbled play!
My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay.
Silence, ye Nightingales! attend the voice;
While thus it warbles all your songs are noise.

FLOR. See from the bow'r a form majestic moves,
And smoothly gliding shines along the groves!



My goddess comes! my E

# ODES.

## MELANCHOLY, AN ODE,

*Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter,* 1723.

Adieu vain mirth and noisy joys,
Ye gay desires, deluding toys!
Thou, thoughtful Melancholy; deign
To hide me in thy pensive train.

If by the fall of murm'ring floods,
Where awful shades imbrown the woods,
Or if where winds in caverns groan
Thou wand'rest silent and alone;

Come, blisful Mourner! wisely sad,
In Sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
Henceforth thou, Care! my hours employ;
Sorrow! be thou henceforth my joy.

By tombs where sullen spirits stalk
Familiar with the dead I walk,
While to my sighs and groans by turns
From graves the midnight Echo mourns.

Open thy marble jaws, O Tomb!
Thou earth conceal me in thy womb;
And you, ye Worms! this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground.

With cries we usher in o
With groans resign our t
While round, stern minis
Pain, and Disease, and So

While childhood reigns the
Learns only prettily to toy
And while he roves from p
The wanton trifles life awa

When to the noon of life w
The man grows elegant in
To glorious guilt in courts
Vilely judicious in his crime

If virtue contradict the voice
Of public fame applause is noise.
Ev'n victors are by conquest cursed:
The bravest warriour is the worst.

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls Great, and all is show:
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vast toyshop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With solemn pace, demure, and slow!
Lo! sad and serious I pursue
Thy steps---Adieu, vain World! adieu.

## THE COY,

AN ODE.

Love is a noble rich repast,
But seldom should the lover taste;
When the kind fair no more restrains
The glutton surfeits and disdains.

To move the nymph he tears bestows;
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows:
The tears deceive, the vows betray;
He conquers and contemns the prey.

Love, like a prospect, wit
Sweetly deceives the dista
Where the tir'd travellers
O'er hanging rocks a dang

Ye Fair! that would victo
Seem but half kind when n
Damon pursues if Cælia fli
But when her love is born

Had Danae the young, the
Been free and unconfin'd as
Free from the guards and br
She'd ne'er been worth a go

# IMITATIONS.

PART OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

## THE ILIADS OF HOMER,

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

ıw high advanc'd the night; o'er all the host
ıp shed his softest balm: restless alone
ides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares.
s when with rising vengeance gloomy Jove
ırs down a wat'ry deluge, or in storms
ıail or snow commands the goary jaws
War to roar, thro' all the kindling skies,
th flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play;
while Atrides meditates the war
hs after sighs burst from his manly breast
l shake his inmost soul: round o'er the fields
Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
housand fires blaze dreadful! thro' his ears
ses the direful symphony of war,
fife or pipe, and the loud hum of hosts
ikes him dismay'd: now o'er the Grecian tents
eyes he rolls; now from his royal head
ads the fair curl in sacrifice to Jove,
l his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.
'hus groans the thoughtful King, at length resolves

A robe he threw, and on h
Glitter'd th' embroider'd s
A dreadful ornament, a lio
With hideous grace down t
Fierce in his hand he grasp
With equal care was Me
Sleep from his temples fled:
Felt all his people's woes, w
Stemm'd the proud main, a
Confronting death. A le'pa
Terrific clad his limbs; a bra
Beam'd on his head, and in h
Forth from his tent the royal
To wake the King of Men: h
Clasping his polish'd arms: v
The heroes meet; the Spartan
"Why thus in arms, my Pr
"To view the Troian

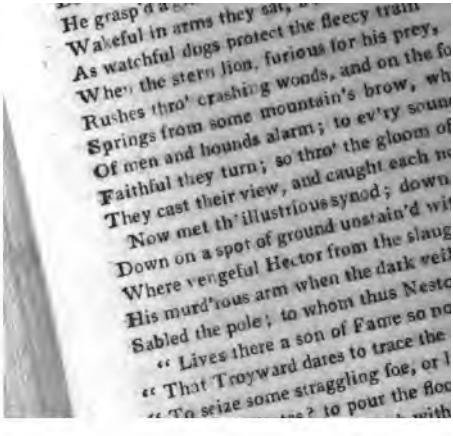
" Our deepest cares. The Pow'r Omnipotent
" Frowns on our arms, but smiles with aspect mild
" On Hector's incense. Heav'ns! what son of Fame
" Renown'd in story e'er such deeds achiev'd
" In a whole life as in one glorious day
" This fav'rite of the skies? and yet a man!
" A mortal! born to die! but such his deeds
" As future Grecians shall repeat with tears
" To children yet unborn.---But haste, repair
" To Ajax and Idomeneus; we wake
" Ourself the Pylian sage; to keep the guards
" On duty be his care; for o'er the guards
" His son presides nocturnal, and in arms
" His great compeer, Meriones the bold."
" But say, (rejoins the Prince,) these orders borne
" There shall I stay, or measuring back the shores
" To thee return?"-----No more return," replies
The King of Hosts, " lest treading diff'rent ways
" We meet no more; for thro' the camp the ways
" Lie intricate and various; but aloud
" Wake ev'ry Greek to martial fame and arms;
" Teach them to emulate their godlike sires,
" And thou a while forget thy royal birth
" And share a soldier's cares. The proudest king
" Is but exalted dust; and when great Jove
" Call'd us to life and gave us royal pow'r
" He gave a sad pre-eminence of woes."
He spoke, and to the tent of Nestor turns

The rev'rend ...
Led his bold files; for with a brave ...
Old as he was he scorn'd the ease of a
Sudden the monarch starts, and hal
Thus to the King aloud: " What art
" Why in the camp alone? while ot
" Why wand'rest thou obscure the n
" Seek'st thou some centinel or absen
" Speak instant!-----Silent to advan
" O pride of Greece!" the plaintiv
" Here in thy tent thou Agamemno
" A prince the most unhappy of ma
" Woes I endure which none but ki
" Which ne'er will cease until forg
" Pen-ive I wander thro' the damp
" Thro' the cold damp of night, di

" But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
" Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
" Useful the thought unfold. But rise my Friend!
" Visit with me the watches of the night,
" Lest tir'd they sleep while Troy with all her war
" Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now,
" Arms her proud bands. Arise, my Friend! arise."
To whom the Pylian. " Think not, mighty King!
" Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views;
" A sudden sad reverse of mighty woes
" Waits that audacious victor when in arms
" Dreadful Achilles shines. But now thy steps
" Nestor attends: be it our care to wake
" Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
" Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd
" Oilean Ajax: to the ships that guard
" Outmost the camp some other speed his way
" To raise stern Ajax and the Cretan king.
" But love nor rev'rence to the mighty name
" Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O King!
" Shall stop my free rebuke. Sleep is a crime
" When Agamemnon wakes; on him it lies
" To share thy martial toils, to court the peers
" To act the men: this hour claims all our cares."
" Reserve (rejoins the King) for future hours
" Thy gen'rous anger. Seems the royal youth
" Remiss? It is not thro' indolence of soul,

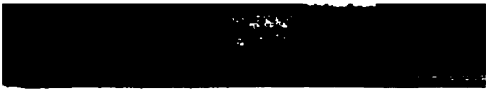
" Rais'd [illegible]
" Before the gates. Haste, [illegible],
To whom the sage well pleas'd.
" No Greek will envy pow'r. With
" Subjects obey when men of worth
He added not but o'er his manly br
Flung a rich robe; beneath his royal
The glitt'ring sandals shone; a soft
Florid with purple wool, his aged lir
Graceful adorn'd; tipt with a star of
A pond'rous lance he grasp'd, and st
To wake sage Ithacus. Aloud his
He rais'd; his voice was heard, and
Instant Ulysses sprung. " And w
" Why thus abroad in the chill ho
" What new distress invades?"—"

And round his brave companions of the war:
Their shields sustain'd their heads; erect their spears
Shot thro' th' illumin'd air a streaming ray
Keen as Jove's lightning wing'd athwart the skies.
Thus slept the chief; beneath him on the ground
A savage bull's black hide was roll'd, his head
A splendid carpet bore; the slumb'ring king
The Pylian gently with these words awakes:
"Rise, son of Tydeus! ill a whole night's rest [Troy
"Suits with the brave; and sleep'st thou while proud
"Hangs o'er our tents, and from yon' joining hill
"Prepares her war? Awake, my Friend! awake."
Sudden the chief awoke, and mildly gave
This soft reply: "O! cruel to thy age,
"Thou good old man! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou cease
"To burthen age with cares? Has Greece no youths
"To wake the peers? Unweary'd man! to bear
"At once the double load of toils and years!"
"'Tis true,' he cry'd, "my subjects and my sons
"Might ease a sire and king; but rest is a crime
"When on the edge of fate our country stands:
"Ere yet a few hours more have run their course,
"Important space! Greece triumphs or Greece falls!
"But since an old man's care thy pity moves,
"Haste, gen'rous Youth! with speed to council call
"Meges the brave, and in the race renown'd
"Oilean Ajax."------Straight the chief obey'd,
Straight o'er his shoulders flung the shaggy spoils


He grasp'd a
Wakeful in arms they sat,
As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train
When the stern lion, furious for his prey,
Rushes thro' crashing woods, and on the fo
Springs from some mountain's brow, wh
Of men and hounds alarm; to ev'ry soun
Faithful they turn; so thro' the gloom of
They cast their view, and caught each m
Now met th'illustrious synod; down
Down on a spot of ground unstain'd wi
Where vengeful Hector from the slaug
His murd'rous arm when the dark veil
Sabled the pole; to whom thus Nesto
"Lives there a son of Fame so no
"That Troyward dares to trace the
"To seize some straggling foe, or
"to pour the floo
with

Abash'd they sat, and ev'n the brave knew fear.
t so Tydides; unappall'd he rose,
d nobly spoke: "My soul, O rev'rend Sage!
Fires at the bold design; thro' yon' black host
Vent'rous I bend my way; but if his aid
Some warriour lend, my courage might arise
To nobler heights: the wise by mutual aid
nstruct the wise, and brave men fire the brave."
Fierce at the word up started from the ground
e stern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion rose,
d Thrasymedes, sons of war; nor sat
e royal Spartan, nor great Nestor's heir,
r greater Ithacus; his manly heart
ell'd at the view of fame.---Elate with joy
ides saw; "and O thou best of Friends!
Brave Diomed! (he cries,) of all the peers
Chuse thou the valiantest: when Merit pleads
Titles no deference claim: high birth and state
To valour yield; and worth is more than pow'r."
Thus fearing for his brother spoke the King;
: long, for Diomed dispels his fears.
Since free my choice can I forget my friend,
The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
The man whose dauntless soul no toils dismay,
Ulysses! lov'd by Pallas? thro' his aid
Tho' thousand fires oppose, a thousand fires
ppose in vain; his wisdom points the way."
Nor praise nor blame," the hero strait replies;

Swift at the word they
Horrid in arms; a two-e
Nestor's bold son to stern
A tough bull's hide his a
No cone adorn'd it, and n
Wav'd in the air; a quiv
And a huge faulchion, gre
The gift of Merion; on hi
Of leather nodded, firm wi
With many a thong; with
The snowy tusks of a huge
Grinn'd horrible! Thus a
Undaunted. O'er their hea
Sends on the right an hern;
Conceals him from the view
They hear the clangour of
Joyful the prosp'rous sign U
And thus to Pallas: "O



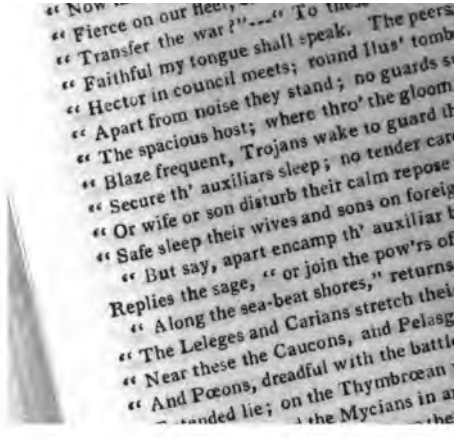


Tydides caught the word: "And O!" he cries,
"Virgin armipotent! now grant thy aid
"As to my sire. He by the gulfy flood
"Of deep Æsopus left th' embattled bands
"Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
"Bore terms of peace; but as from haughty Thebes
"Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroic deeds!
"His arm achiev'd, for Tydeus was thy care:
"Thus guard his offspring, O stern queen of Arms!
"So shall an heifer on thy altars bleed
"Young and untam'd; to thee her blood I pour,
"And point her lunar horns with burnish'd gold."
Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their pray'r:
Then like two lions thro' the shades of night
Dauntless they stride along, and hold their way
Thro' blood and mangled limbs, o'er arms and death;
Nor pass they far ere the sagacious eye †
Of Ithacus discerns a distant foe
Coasting from Troy, and thus to Diomed:
"See, o'er the plain some Trojan bends this way,
"Perhaps to spoil the slain; or to our host
"Comes he a spy? beyond us o'er the field
"'Tis best he pass, then sudden from behind
"Rush we precipitant; but if in flight
"His active feet prevail, thy spear employ
"To force him on our lines, lest hid in shades
"Thro' the dusk air he re-escape to Troy."

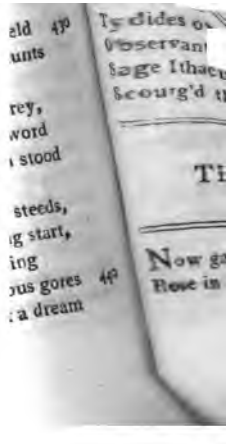
† V. 339.

...trampling feet, and panting ris
Now reach'd the chiefs within a ji
Stern foes of Dolon! swift along t
He wing'd his flight, and swift alo
They still pursu'd; as when two s
Chase o'er the lawn the hare or be
Still from the shelt'ring brake the
Stretch ev'ry nerve, and bear upo
So ran the chiefs, and from the ho
Turn'd the swift foe: now nigh th
Now almost mingled with the gua
The Martial Goddess breath'd her
Fierce on Tydides' soul: the hero
Lest some bold Greek should inter
And ravish half the glories of the d
Furious he shook his lance, and "

"My hoary sire your mercy shall repay,
"Soon as he hears I draw the vital air,
"With ample wealth, with steel, with brass, with gold."
To whom Ulysses artfully: "Be bold;
"Far hence the thought of death; but instant say
"Why thus alone in the still hours of night
"While ev'ry eye is clos'd? to spoil the slain
"Com'st thou rapacious? or some nightly spy
"By Hector sent? or has thy vent'rous mind
"Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands?"
"By Hector sent, and by rewards undone,"
Returns the spy, (still as he spoke he shook)
"I come unwilling: the refulgent car
"He promis'd and immortal steeds that bear
"To fight the great Achilles. Thus betray'd
"Thro' the dun shades of night I bend my way
"Unprosp'rous, to explore the tented host
"Of adverse Greece, and learn if now they stand
"Wakeful on guard, or vanquish'd by our arms
"Precipitant desert the shores of Troy."
To whom with smiles of scorn the sage returns:
"Bold were thy aims, O Youth! but those proud steeds,
"Restive, disdain the rule of vulgar hands.
"Scarce ev'n the goddess-born, when the loud din
"Of battle roars, subdues them, to the rein
"Reluctant. But this night where Hector sleeps
"Faithful disclose; where stand the warrior's steeds;
"Where lie his arms and implements of war;



" His chariot flames; gold forms his dazzling arms,
" Arms that may grace a god!—But to your tents
" Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains,
" Fast bound with cruel chains! sad on the shores
" Here leave me captive till you safe return,
" And witness to the truth my tongue unfolds."
" To whom stern-frowning Diomed replies:
" Tho' ev'ry syllable be stamp'd with truth,
" Dolon! thou dy'st. Wouldst thou once more return
" Darkling a spy, or wage a nobler foe.
" New war on Greece? Traitor! thou dy'st, nor more
" New war thou wagest nor return'st a spy."
He spoke terrific, and as Dolon rais'd
uppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
heer thro' his neck descends; the furious blow
eaves the tough nerves in twain; down drops the [head,
id mutters unintelligible sounds.
aight they despoil the dead; the wolf's grey hide
ey seize, the helm, the spear and battle-bow:
se as they dropp'd with gore on high in air
ises rais'd, and to the Martial Maid
s lowly consecrates: " Stern Pow'r of War!
rgin armipotent! receive these arms;
pitious to my vows thee, Goddess! thee
efly I call; direct our prosperous way
pierce the Thracian tents, to seize the steeds
Rhesus, and the car that flames with gold."
fierce o'er broken arms thro' streams of blood
ove along; now reach the Thracian bands



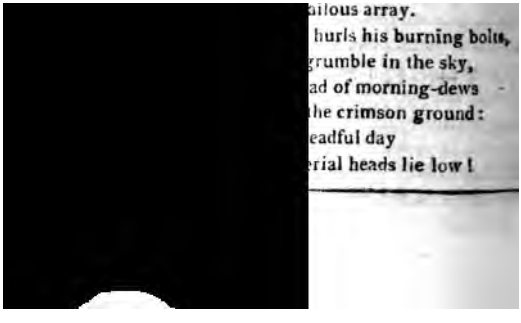
illas sent, rose in his anxious thoughts
ionary warrior frowning stood
by his head, and his aerial sword [steeds
g'd thro' his lab'ring breast. Meanwhile the
iage unbinds, and instant with his bow
es thro' the sleeping ranks; then to his friend
signals of retreat: but nobler deeds
ieditates, to drag the radiant car,
ft it thro' the threefold ranks, up-borne
on his shoulders, or with slaughter stain
nsanguin'd field; when lo! the Martial Maid,
n rushes from the battlements of heav'n,
sudden cries, "Return, brave Chief! return,
st from the skies some guardian pow'r of Troy
rathful descend, and rouse the hostile bands."
ius speaks the Warrior queen; the heav'nly voice
des owns, and mounts the fiery steeds,
rvant of the high command: the bow
Ithacus apply'd and tow'rd the tents, [plain.
rg'd the proud steeds: the steeds flew o'er the

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

## THE ILIADS OF HOMER,

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

w gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
e in the orient to proclaim the day

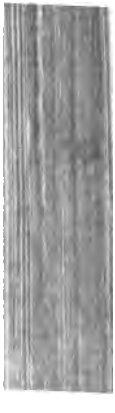

ilous array.
hurls his burning bolts,
grumble in the sky,
ad of morning-dews
he crimson ground:
eadful day
erial heads lie low!

Meantime the bands of Troy in prot
Stand to their arms, and from a rising
Breathe furious war. Here gath'ring h
The tow'ring Hector; there refulgent
Surround Polydamas; Æneas there
Marshals his dauntless files; nor unem
Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
And Acamas, whose frame the gods en
With more than mortal charms. Fier
Stern Hector shines, and shakes his bl
As the fierce Dog-star with malignant
Flames in front of heav'n, then lost in
Veils his pernicious beams, from rank
So Hector strode. Now dreadful in th
Advanc'd his sun-broad shield; now t
Swift rushing disappear'd: his radiant
Blaz'd on his limbs, and, bright as Jov
Flash'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to t

As toiling reapers in some spacious fi
Rang'd in two bands, move adverse, ra
Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears o
Waves nodding to the breeze, at once t
At once the copious harvest swells the
So rush to battle o'er the dreadful field
Host against host. They meet, they c
Tumble on ranks. No thoughts appear
None of dismay. Dubious in even scal
The battle hangs; not fiercer ravenous

The horrours of the field. In peace
High in Olympian bow'rs on radia
Lament the woes of man; but loud
From ev'ry god arose. Jove favou
At partial Jove they murmur'd: he
All heav'n in murmurs heard: apa
Enthron'd in glory. Down to eart
His stedfast eye, and from his thro
The rising tow'rs of Troy, the ten
The blaze of arms, the slayer and t
While with his morning wheels
Climb'd up the steep of heav'n, wi
In murd'rous storms the shafts fro
Flew adverse, and in equal numbe
Promisc'ous Greek and Trojan, til
When the tir'd woodman in the sh

n battle Trojans band by band
od, pursu'd his dreadful way:
tep attend. Now glows the war;
on horse, and man encount'ring man
e field with death. The plunging steeds
glebes; thick dust in rising clouds
iky; indignant o'er the plain
; death ev'ry step attends.
ome huge forest sudden flames
l when rough winds assist the blaze,
tree the fiery torrent rolls,
forest sinks with all its groves
urning deluge; so whole hosts
des' arm: car against car
ng o'er the field, and thro' the ranks
ke, while breathless on the ground
charioteers, in death deform'd
te brides sad spectacles of woe,
ateful to the fowls of air.
the care of Jove, great Hector stood
nes of death, in storms of darts,
and alarms, in dust and blood.
emnon rushing o'er the field
d bands; whole hosts before him fly:
nb they pass, now urge their way
fig-tree shade: with shouts the King
oe incessant: dust and blood,
with dust, distains his murd'rous hands.



Thus fled the foe, [illegible]
And still the hindmost sla
Fell headlong, for his jav
Rag'd terribly. And now
But the dread sire of men
Terrific from his heav'nl
Ten thousand thunders g
He takes his stand; it sh
Beneath the god: the go

## MONS. MAYN

TO THE RIGHT HO

WHILE past its noon t
And age my vital flame

e round majestic shades and heroes' forms
throng to learn what pilot guides,
chful, Britannia's helm thro' factious storms,
curbs the murm'ring rebel tides.

how Townshend treads the glorious path
leads the great to deathless fame,
dwell at large on spotless English faith
le Walpole is the fav'rite theme.

, nobly rising in their country's cause,
tedfast arbiters of right
t the just and good to guard her laws,
call forth Merit into light.

d applause around the echoing coast
l the pleas'd Elysium flies---
t, Friend! what place had you," replies some ghost,
hen merit was the way to rise?

hat deanery or prebend thine declare?"
Heav'ns! unable to reply,
like a stupid idjot I should stare?
swer, good my Lord! supply.

It is the opinion of many learned men
of the Battle between the Gods and t
physical allegory, invented by the anc
to denote the war between the superiou
elements in their original chaos, but i
express the nature of the winds enclose
of the earth, which struggling for enl
been supposed to be the causes of ea
other dreadful commotions: but the
to be confined solely to the winds; th
fires are likewise denoted by it, whic
the earth (as from Ætna and Vesu
assault the skies, and war with the st
are the Titans that hurl rock

*Fama est, Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus*
*Urgere mole hac, ingentemq; insuper Ætnam*
*Impositam, ruptis flammam expirare Caminis:*
*Et, fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem*
*Murmure Trinacriam.* ÆN. iii.

This interpretation will give great light to the following translation from Hesiod's Theogony.

When we read that the earth and the poles shook in the conflict, this we easily solve from the nature of earthquakes and the violence of lightning and thunder. When rocks and hills are said to be removed by the giants it is literally true, as appears from the best descriptions of burning mountains. When those monsters are feigned to be buried beneath them, we are to understand that the lodgement of subterraneous fires is in the entrails of mountains, and must be so according to true philosophy; for the internal fires, by a continual rarefaction and expansion of the enclosed air, heave up the ground till it swells into a mountain, or breaks out into fiery eruptions. Thus also when we read of the structure beneath the earth framed by Neptune, from whence all rivers and fountains rise, we are to have recourse to the opinions of the ancients, who imagined that not only fountains but rivers were fed by secret channels from the ocean, that is from Neptune, the god of it. By the waters that float in the air are meant the vapours exhaled from the seas, &c. which fall in hail, snow, dew, or rain. When Jupiter is said to blast Typhœus with

EXPLICATION.

at the four cardinal winds, whi
ntle nature, and to be sent fro
ed in that manner to denote the
uperiour regions; and that when
t Jupiter subdued the Titans, and
means that the superior elemen
conflict in the chaos, gained the
d continue in tranquillity; or, in
vhatever commotions the inferior
ion in the superior, yet at last they
l harmony.

Now so
And Goo
Here stalk
Burst fron

# TRANSLATIONS.

## THE BATTLE

OF THE

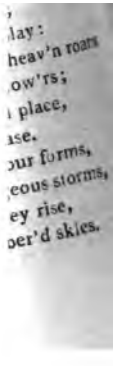
## GODS AND TITANS,

*Theogony of Hesiod, with a Description of Tartarus, &c.*

-μάχην δ' ἀμέγαρτον ἐγειραν
·ες, &c. Θεογ. 666.

ids the vault of heav'n with loud alarms,
by Gods embatt'ling rush to arms:
the Titans of portentous size,
i their dungeons and assault the skies;
unchain'd from Erebus and Night,
Giants† aid the Gods in fight.
d arms each tow'r-like warriour rears,
from fifty heads amid the stars:
ul brotherhood stern-frowning stands,
an hundred rocks from hundred hands:
s rush'd with fury uncontroll'd;
on Gods, or Giant Giant roll'd.

† Aegeon, Cottus, Gyges.

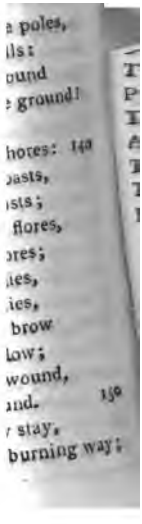

,
lay:
heav'n roars
ow'rs;
place,
ase.
our forms,
eous storms,
ey rise,
oer'd skies.

once the tempest bellows, lightnings fly,
e thunders roar, and clouds involve the sky.
ıpendous were the deeds of heav'nly might!
hat less when gods conflicting cope in fight?
w Heav'n its foes with horrid inroad gores,
d slow and sour recede the Giant pow'rs.
re stalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
ere Cottus rends up hills with all their groves:
ese hurl'd at once against the Titan bands 49
ree hundred mountains from three hundred hands,
d overshadowing, overwhelming bound
ith chains infrangible beneath the ground.
ow this earth, far as earth's confines lie
ro' space unmeasur'd from the starry sky,
ıe days an anvil of enormous weight
ın rushing headlong from th' aerial height
rce reaches earth, thence toss'd in giddy rounds
rce reaches in nine days th' infernal bounds;
rall of iron of stupendous height
ırds the dire dungeons black with threefold night;
h o'er the horrours of th' eternal shade 61
: stedfast base of earth and seas is laid;
re in coercive durance Jove detains
: groaning Titans in afflictive chains
eat of woe! remote from cheerful day,
o' gulfs impassable, a boundless way!
bove these realms a brazen structure stands
ih brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands;

That wash the earth or wander thro' th
That groaning murmur thro' the realm
Or feed the channels where the ocean fl
Collected horrours throng the dire abod
Horrid and fell! detested ev'n by gods.
Enormous gulf! immense the bounds a
Wasteful and void! the journey of a y
Where beating storms, as in wild whir
Toss the pale wand'rer, and retoss thro
The pow'rs immortal with affright sur
The hideous chasm, and seal it up fron
Hence thro' the vault of heav'n huge
His giant limbs, and props the golden s
Here sable Night and here the beamy I
Lodge and dislodge, alternate in their
A brazen port the varying pow'rs divid
When day forth issues here the Night
Urban Night veils the skies obsequ

Remote from Day when with her flaming wheels
She mounts the skies or paints the western hills.
With downy footsteps Sleep in silence glides
O'er the wide earth and o'er the spacious tides,
The friend of life! Death unrelenting bears
An iron heart, and laughs at human cares:
She makes the mould'ring race of man her prey,
And ev'n th' immortal pow'rs detest her sway.
Thus fell the Titans† from the realms above
Beneath the thunders of almighty Jove;
Then Earth impregnate felt maternal woes,
And shook thro' all her frame with teeming throes:
Hence rose Typhœus, a gigantic birth,
A monster sprung from Tartarus and Earth,
A match for gods in might! On high he spreads
From his huge trunk an hundred dragons' heads,
And from an hundred mouths in vengeance flings.
Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred stings.
Horrour terrific frowns from ev'ry brow,
And like a furnace his red eye-balls glow;
Fires dart from ev'ry crest, and as he turns
Keen splendours flash, and all the Giant burns.
Whene'er he speaks in echoing thunders rise
A hundred voices, and affright the skies;
Utterably fierce! the bright abodes
Portent they shake, and terrify the gods:
Bellowing like a savage bull they roar,
Angry lions in the midnight hour;

† 820.



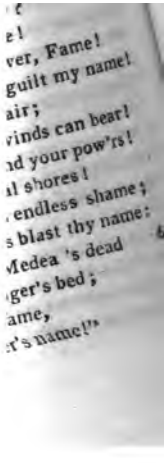
Earth kindling inward melts in all her caves
And hissing floats with fierce metallic waves
As iron fusile from the furnace flows,
Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
When the dire bolts of Jove stern Vulcan frames,
In burning channels roll the liquid flames.
Thus melted earth, and Jove from realms on high
Plung'd the huge Giant to the nether sky.
Then from Typhœus sprung the winds that bear
Storms on their wings and thunder in the air;
But from the Gods descend, of milder kind!
The East, the West, the South, and Boreal wind:
These in soft whispers breathe a friendly breeze,
Play thro' the groves or sport upon the seas;
They fan the sultry air with cooling gales,
And waft from realm to realm the flying sails;
The rest in storms of sounding whirlwinds fly,
Toss the wild waves and battle in the sky,
Fatal to man! at once all ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores;
Then thund'ring o'er the earth they rend their way,
Grass, herb, and flow'r, beneath their rage decay;
While tow'rs and domes, vain boasts of human trust!
Torn from their inmost base, are whelm'd in dust.
Thus Heav'n asserted its eternal reign
O'er the proud Giants and Titanick train;
And now in peace the Gods their Jove obey,
And all the thrones of heav'n adore his sway.

Νὺ μὲν ἵπεσθ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἀγεν πνοιὴ Φα

## Advertisement.

*THE translator has taken the liberty, in the fi from the Argonautics of Apollonius, as well a Talus, to omit whatever has not an immediat subject, yet hopes that a due connexion is not wa the reader will not be displeased with these short poet who is affirmed to be every where sublime b than Longinus, and from whom many verses are great a poet as Virgil.*

No sound of village-dog, no nois
The death-like silence of the mid
Alone Medea wakes; to love a p
Restless she rolls, and groans th
Now the fire-breathing bulls con
She thinks on Jason, and for Jas
In sad review on horrours horrou
Quick beats her heart; from th
As from replenish'd urns with du
The sun-beams dancing from the
Now here now there the tremblin
Alternate flashing round th' illu
Thus flutt'ring bounds the tremb
And from her shining eyes desce
Now raving with resistless flame
Now sick with love she melts wi
The tyrant god, of ev'ry thought
Beats in each pulse, and stings a
Now she resolves the magic to b
To tame the bulls, now yield hin
Again the drugs disdaining to su
She loathes the light, and medita
Anon repelling with a brave disd
The coward thought, she nourish
Thus tost, retost, with furious st
On the cold ground she rolls, an
"Ah me! where'er I turn bef
"A dreadful view: on sorrows s


e!
ver, Fame!
guilt my name!
air;
vinds can bear!
ıd your pow'rs!
ıl shores!
endless shame;
s blast thy name:
Medea 's dead
ger's bed;
ame,
r's name!"

" O may I rather yield this vital breath
" Than bear that base dishonour, worse
Thus wail'd the fair, and seiz'd with hc
Drugs foes to life, and potent to destroy;
A magazine of death! Again she pours
From her swoln eye-balls tears in shining
With grief insatiate and with trembling l
All comfortless the cask of death expands
A sudden fear her lab'ring soul invades,
Struck with the horrours of th' infernal sl
She stands deep-musing with a faded brov
Absorpt in thought, a monument of woe
While all the comforts that on life attend
The cheerful converse and the faithful fri
By thought deep-imag'd in her bosom pla
Endearing life and charm despair away.
Th' all-cheering suns with sweeter light s
And ev'ry object brightens to her eyes:
Then from her hand the baneful drugs she
Consents to live, recover'd from her woes
Resolv'd the magic virtue to betray,
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day
Time seems to stand, or backward drive h
The hours she chides, and eyes the eastern
At length the dawn with orient beams app
The shades disperse, and man awakes to c
Studious to please, her graceful length of l
With art she binds, that wanton'd with the

bears whose magic virtue tam
Persephone) the rage of flames
hero, strong in matchless mig
:ure of harms in mortal fight;
e sword; the sword without a
ım marble shiver'd to the grou
the car; † nor rode the nymp
de two lovely damsels shone:
ith skill th' embroider'd rein c
streets as swift the chariot rol
e wheel-worn road they hold t
retreat, the sinking tow'rs dec

† Bos.

Bare to the knee s
Behind attends, a
As when her limb
In fair Parthenius
Sublime in royal s
Whirl her bright
Swift to her fane i
The nymphs atter
Th' Amnesian fou
Nymphs of the val
The fawning beas
Or trembling, sav
Thus on her car st
The crowd falls ba
Swift to the fane a
The fane she reach
Then to her train-
" Misled by Folly
" Alas! should Ja
" Where should w
" No more the Co
" Haunt the cool

She ...
In ev'ry wish her soul to ...
With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn ex
To find the object whom her soul adores:
At ev'ry whisper of the passing air
She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason
Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain;
He comes! her Jason shines along the pla
As when emerging from the wat'ry way
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
He shines terrific, for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and
Such to the nymph approaching Jason sho
Bright author of unutterable woes!
Before her eyes a swimming darkness spre
Her flush'd cheek glow'd, her very heart w
No more her knees their wonted office knew
Fix'd without motion, as to earth she grew
... recedes; the meeting lovers gaze

Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love
Strongly at length inspir'd they speak, they move;
With smiles the love-sick virgin he survey'd,
And fondly thus address'd the blooming maid:
" Dismiss, my Fair! my Love! thy virgin fear;
" 'Tis Jason speaks; no enemy is here.
" Man, haughty Man! is of obdurate kind,
" But Jason bears no proud inhuman mind,
" By gentlest manners, softest arts, refin'd.
" Whom wouldst thou fly? Stay, lovely Virgin! stay;
" Speak ev'ry thought: far hence be fears away.
" Speak, and be truth in ev'ry accent found;
" Dread to deceive; we tread on hallow'd ground.†
" By the stern Pow'r who guards this sacred place,
" By the illustrious authors of thy race;
" By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,
" To whom the suppliant, and who feels their wrongs,
" O guard me, save me, in the needful hour!
" Without thy aid thy Jason is no more!
" To thee a suppliant in distress I bend,
" To thee a stranger, and who wants a friend!
" Then when between us seas and mountains rise
" Medea's name shall sound in distant skies;
" All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes' fates,
" And bless Medea thro' her hundred states:
" The mother and the wife, who now in vain
" Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main,

† The Temple of Hecate.

" The maid, whose only crime
" Ev'n the just gods forgave; a
" A star she shines, and beautif
" What blessings then shall rig
" For all our heroes sav'd, and
" Heav'n gave thee not to kill s
" And Cruelty sure never look'
He ceas'd, but left so charmin
His voice, that list'ning still she
Her eye to earth she bends with
And Heav'n in smiles is open'd
A glance she steals, but rosy blu
O'er her fair cheek, and then sh
A thousand words at once to sp
In vain---but speaks a thousand
Trembling the shining casket sh
Then gives the magic virtue to
And had the pow'r been granted
Her heart---had giv'n her very

# THE STORY OF TALUS,

## FROM APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, BOOK IV. VER. 1629.

THE following verses from Apollonius will appear very e-
travagant unless we have recourse to their allegorical meaning
Plato in his Minos thus writes: "Talus and Rhadamanthus
"were the assistants of Minos in the execution of his laws. It
"was the office of Talus to visit all parts of Crete thrice every
"year to enforce them with the utmost severity. The poet alludes
"to this custom in these words:

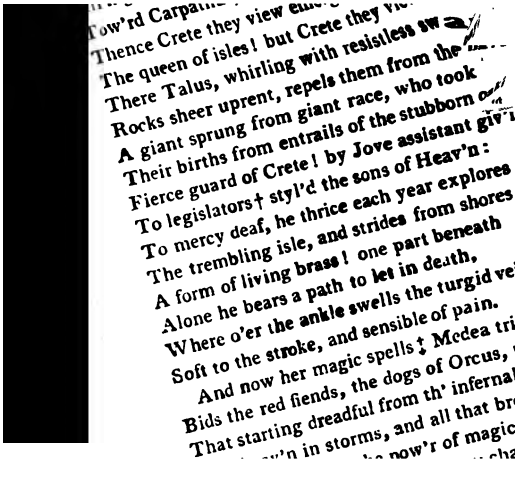
"Fierce guard of Crete: who thrice each year explores
"The trembling isles and strides from shores to shores."

"Talus is fabled to be formed of brass, because the laws which
"be carried with him in his circuit were engraven upon brazen
"tables. It is not improbable but the fable of the bursting the
"vein above the ankle of Talus, by which he died, arose from
the manner of punishment practised by him, which was by
opening a vein above the ankles of criminals, by which they
bled to death."

---

E ev'ning star now lifts, as daylight fades,
rolden circlet in the deep'ning shades:
h'd at his ease the weary lab'rer shares
et forgetfulness of human cares:
e in silence sink the sleeping gales,
st they † drop, and furl the flagging sails;

† Argonauts.



ie as he strides a sudden wound
e life vein, and blood o'erspreads the ground;
the furnace in a burning flood
)lten lead, so pours in streams his blood:
' he staggers as the spirit flies;
), he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies. 40
huge cedar on a mountain's brow
ıy the steel expects the final blow,
it totters with alternate sway,
ı'ning breezes thro' the branches play,
mbling downward with a thund'ring sound
ıdlong and o'erspreads a breadth of ground;
: giant falls the ocean roars,
:h'd he lies, and covers half the shores. 48

## HORACE, ODE I.

TRANSLATED.

IAS! whose high lineage springs
long race of ancient kings,
ınd Friehd! thy honour'd name
is my defence and fame.
are who with fond transport praise
riot thund'ring in the race,
conquest won and palms bestow'd
: proud mortal to a god.
man who courts the people's voice,
otes on offices and noise, 10
ıy who till the peaceful fields,
reap what bounteous Nature yields,

The merchant when the storm invades
Envies the quiet of the shades,
But soon relanches from the shore,
Dreading the crime of being poor.
Some careless waste the mirthful day
With gen'rous wines and wanton play,
Indulgent of the genial hour
By spring, or rill, or shade, or bow'r.
Some hear with joy the clanging jar
Of trumpets that alarm to war,
While matrons tremble at the breath
That calls their sons to arms and death.
The sportsman, train'd in storms, defi
The chilling blast and freezing skies:
Unmindful of his bride, in vain
Soft Beauty pleads: along the plain
The stag he chases, or beguiles
[illegible] into his toils.

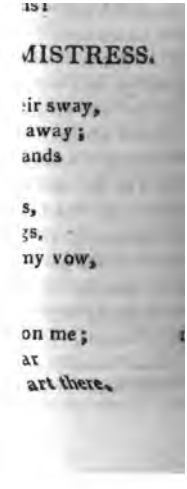
Contented to advance my claim
Only o'er men without a name,
Transcribing what the Muses sing
Harmonious to the pipe or string.
But if indulgently you deign
To rank me with the Lyric train,
Aloft the tow'ring Muse shall rise
On bolder wings, and gain the skies.

## SIXTEEN ODES OF ANA

### ODE XV. HAPPY LI

THE wealth of Gyges I despise;
Gems are useless glitt'ring toys:
Gold I leave and such vain things
To the low aim and pride of kings.
Let my hair with unguents flow,
With rosy garlands crown my brow:
The present moment I enjoy,
Doom'd in the next perhaps to die.
Then while the hour serenely shines
'oss the gay die and quaff thy wines;
ut ever in the genial hour
› Bacchus the libation pour,
st Death in wrath approach and cry,
fan!---taste no more the cup of joy."

rst published in the Gent. Mag. and afterwards inserted in
stions of Anacreon published by Mr. Fawkes.


ıs!
MISTRESS.
ir sway,
away;
ands
s,
gs,
ny vow,
on me;
ar
art there.

O were I made thy folding vest,
That thou might'st clasp me to th
Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy bosom-cincture I would grow
To warm those little hills of snow;
Thy ointment, in rich fragrant str
To wander o'er thy beauteous limb
Thy chain of shining pearl---to dec
And close embrace thy graceful nec
A very sandal I would be
To tread on---if trod on by thee!

## ODE XXIV. IMIT

Alas! alas! I see each day
Steals me from myself away,
And ev'ry step of life I tread
I speed to mingle with the dead.
How many years are past, my Frie
I know and there my knowledge en
How many years are still in store
I neither can nor would explore.

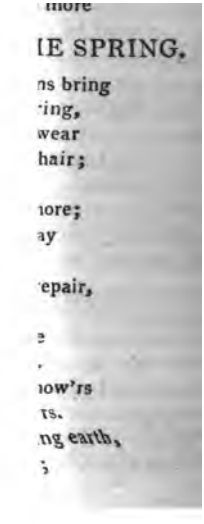
## ODE XXV.

Bring me, O bring the
Lenient of grief and anxi
Then Care retires, ashan
His downcast eye and fa
I banish bus'ness to the
To all that curse yet cov
Death hastes amain; t
To meet what most he s
Or antedate the dreadful
By cares, and aid the fie
If tears could bribe his d
I 'd weep, and bless the

)wl of wine I crave;
inspires 'tis sweet to rave.
rage Alcmæon drew
: and his mother slew:
furious mood
his mother's blood.
er madmen they!----
less drunkard! none I slay.
grapes I only crave;
id 'tis sweet to rave.
intic grasp'd his bow,
attled stor'd with woe:
hook his glitt'ring blade,
is sevenfold shield display'd:
nadman! how he drew
ınd hosts in fancy slew!
I I! no faulchion wield;
w, I poise no shield;
garland crowns my hairs,
: pow'rful goblet bears;
l goblet, nobly brave,
then 'tis sweet to rave.

## ODE XXXVI.

o me of pedant rules;
!es to learned fools
ıly in form advise,
:rtinently wise.
re pleasing precepts give,
e science how to live;



The swelling grapes adorn the vine,
And kindly promise future wine:
Blest juice! already I in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

## ODE XLVIII. GAY LI

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the sound my breast inspire!
But with no troublesome delight
Of arms and heroes slain in fight:
Let it play no conquests here,
Or conquests only o'er the fair.
Boy! reach that volume---book divine!
The Statutes of the god of Wine!
He, legislator, statutes draws,
And I his judge enforce his laws,
And faithful to the weighty trust
Compel his vot'ries to be just.
Thus round the bowl impartial flies
Till to the sprightly dance we rise:
We frisk it with a lively bound,
Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound,
Then pour forth with an heat divine
Epturous songs that breathe of wine.

## ODE L.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

See the Jolly God appears,
And a mighty goblet bears;
Wine.]

e. 30

ar,

d,
de:
aise

...ole in the dance:
...ancy'd youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are grey.
Thro' Wine the youth completes his lov
He haunts the silence of the groves,
Where stretch'd beneath th' embow'ring sh
He spies some love-inspiring maid;
On beds of rosy sweets she lies,
Inviting Sleep to close her eyes:
Fast by her side his limbs he throws,
Her hand he presses---breathes his vows,
And cries, "My Love! my Soul! comply
"This instant, or, alas! I die."
In vain the youth persuasion tries;
In vain---her tongue at least denies:
Then scorning death, thro' dull ...
...le storms th' un...

oy of earth! when vernal hours
rth a blooming waste of flow'rs,
vly smiling Graces wear
v in their flowing hair;
enus queen of Beauty loves,
own'd with thee more graceful moves.
led song and tuneful lays
av'rite Rose the Muses praise.
k the Rose the virgin-train
lood their pretty fingers stain,
ad the pointed terrours round
reaten and inflict a wound.
y they wave the charming toy,
ss, now snuff the fragrant joy!
Rose the poets strive to praise,
it would exchange their bays:
to the sprightly feast
d, welcome, pleasing Guest!

And after death its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead:
And when its with'ring charms deca
And sinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of time
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.
Come, Lyrist! join to sing the birt
Of this sweet offspring of the Earth.
When Venus from the Ocean's be
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head
When warlike Pallas sprung from Jo
Tremendous to the pow'rs above,
To grace the world the teeming Earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth;
And "This, (she cry'd,) I this ordai
"My fav'rite queen of Flow'rs to rei
But first th' assembled gods debate
The future wonder to create:
Agreed at length from heav'n they thr
A drop of rich nectareous dew;
A bramble-stem the drop receives,
And straight the Rose adorns the leav
The gods to Bacchus gave the Flow
To grace him in the genial hour.

## ODE LIV. GROWN YO

When sprightly, youths my eyes sur
I too am young and I am gay;
In dance my active body swims,
And sudden pinions lift my limbs.

Come then, my Friends!
Bless'd juice!—I feel thee in
See how with active bounds
How strong and yet how swe
How blest am I who thus
In pleasing arts of trifling we

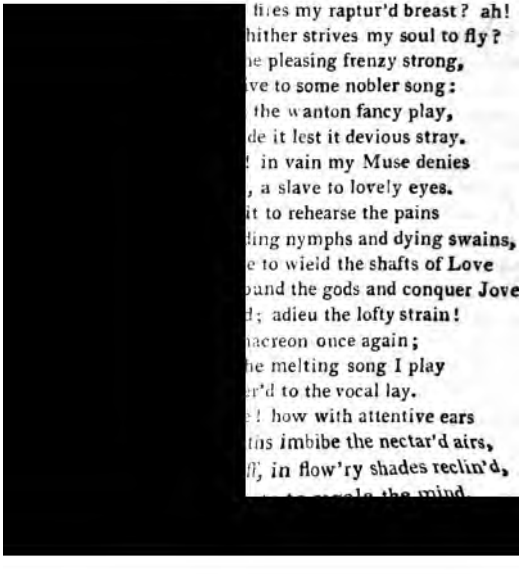
## ODE LV. TH

THE stately steed expressive
A Mark imprinted on his hair
The turban that adorns the bro
Of Asia's sons the Parthian sh
And Marks betray the lover's h
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dar
I plainly read them in his eyes
That look

A dreadful prospect strikes my eye;
I soon must sicken, soon must die!
For this the mournful groan I shed,
I dread---alas! the hour I dread!
What eye can stedfastly survey
Death and its dark tremendous way!
For soon as fate has clos'd our eyes
Man dies---for ever, ever dies!
All pale, all senseless, in the urn;
Never, ah! never to return!

## ODE LXIV. TO APOLLO.

Once more, not uninspir'd, the string
I waken, and spontaneous sing.
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim
That lifts Ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay;
Some god impels, and I obey.
Listen, ye Groves!---The Muse prepares
A sacred song in Phrygian airs,
Such as the swan expiring sings
Melodious by Cayster's springs,
While list'ning winds in silence hear,
And to the gods the music bear.
Celestial Muse! attend, and bring
Thy aid while I thy Phœbus sing:
To Phœbus and the Muse belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic song.
*Begin, begin, the lofty strain*
*How Phœbus lov'd but lov'd in vain;*


fires my raptur'd breast? ah!
hither strives my soul to fly?
ne pleasing frenzy strong,
ve to some nobler song:
the wanton fancy play,
de it lest it devious stray.
! in vain my Muse denies
, a slave to lovely eyes.
it to rehearse the pains
ling nymphs and dying swains,
e to wield the shafts of Love
and the gods and conquer Jove
!; adieu the lofty strain!
nacreon once again;
he melting song I play
r'd to the vocal lay.
! how with attentive ears
ns imbibe the nectar'd airs,
, in flow'ry shades reclin'd,

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